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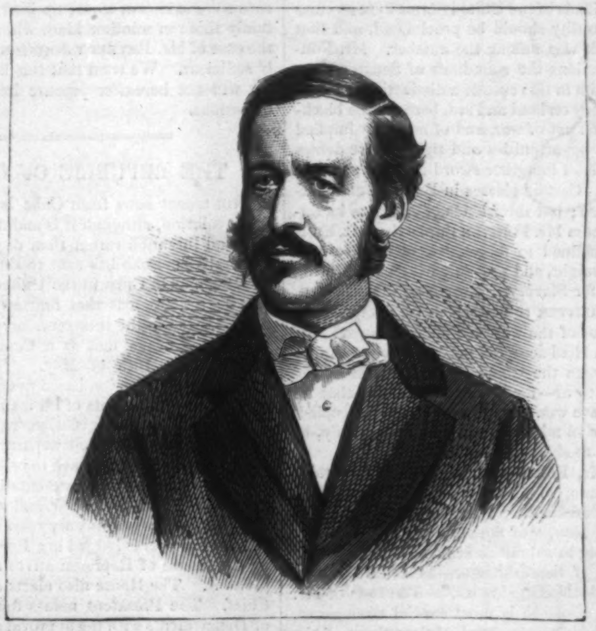
THE BOSTON PEACE JUBILEE.

A few weeks ago we gave an illustration of the grand Coliseum in which the Boston Peace Jubilee is held. The building, which was then only partially constructed, is now complete, and we give on page 389 a more perfect representation. Mr. P. S. **Gilmore**, whose portrait we publish on this page, was the originator of this jubilee. He has shown wonderful tact and skill in the preparation of his programme, as well as in organizing and bringing thus far toward completion the grandest musical enterprise the world has ever witnessed. He has provided music which will meet with the approbation of every taste—the popular as well as the classical.

The building has been pronounced safe by competent engineers, and arrangements have been made in the event of a fire breaking out.

The immense chorus is to consist of 10,000 voices, accompanied by an orchestra of 1000 instruments.

This tremendous affair has weighed so heavily upon the brains of our clever artist, Mr. **Bush**, that he has only been able to find relief in a double-page cartoon, which we publish in this Number. The cartoon tells its own story, and we shall make no comments.



P. S. GILMORE.—[Photographed by G. H. Loomis, Boston.]

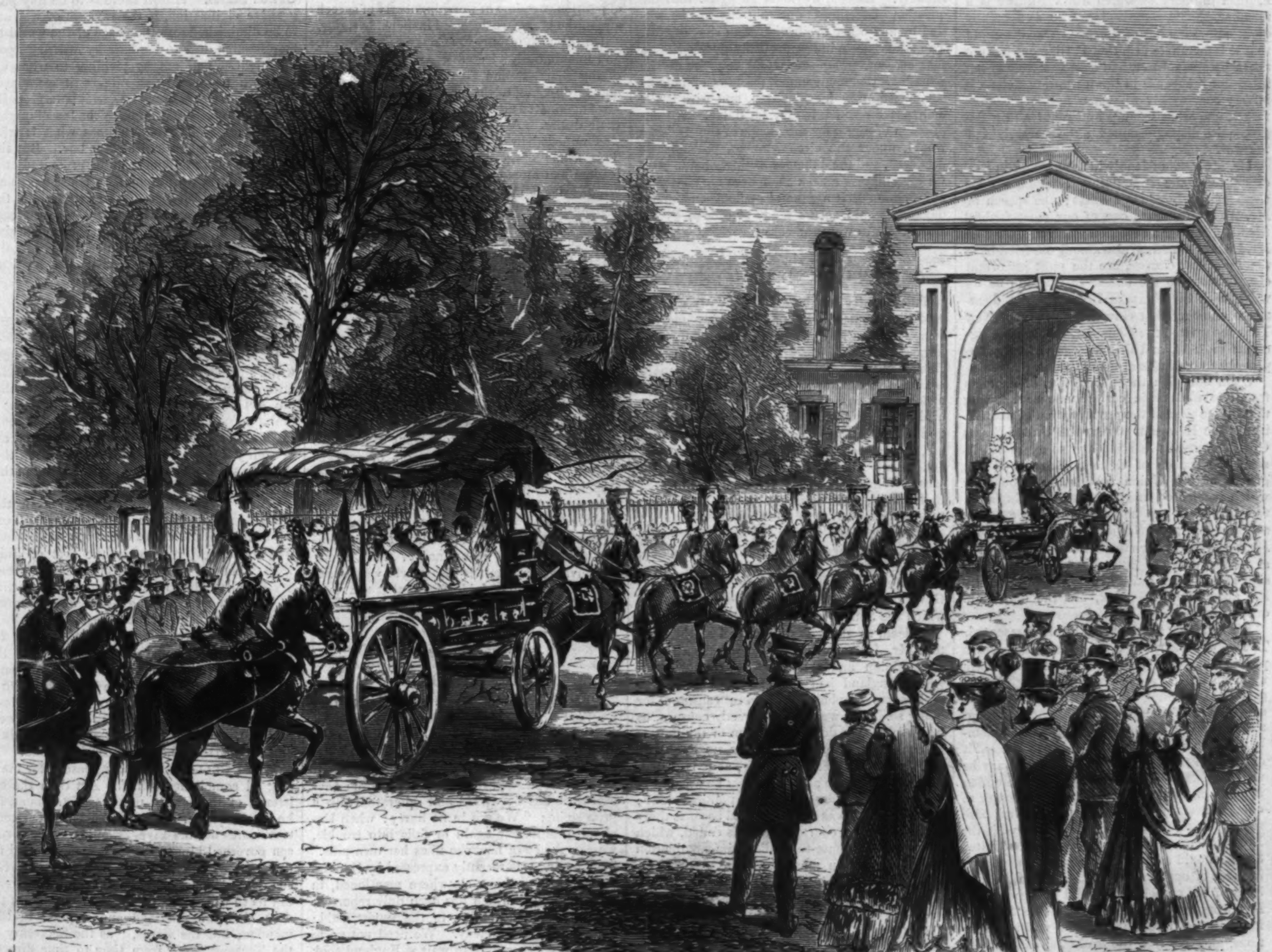
DECORATION EXERCISES AT CYPRESS HILLS CEMETERY.

The day appointed for the decoration of the graves of Union soldiers (May 30) was universally observed. We give on this page an illustration of the decoration at Cypress Hills Cemetery, Brooklyn, New York. The procession started from Union Square in this city about noon. The First Division was headed by Major-General **Alexander Shaler** and his staff, mounted, which comprised four companies of United States Marines, accompanied by their famous band, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel **Broome**; a squad of the Washington Gray Troop, commanded by Major **Kent**, and a troop of the Third Cavalry. Following up the rear of the division was General **Varian** and General **Burger**, accompanied by several officers of their staffs. In the Second Division, seated in carriages, were the officers of the Memorial Executive Committee, and the orators of the day, Major-General **Daniel E. Sickles** and Grand Commander Colonel **Edward B. Lansing**. The catafalque used at the obsequies of President **Lincoln**, decorated with flowers in monumental form, was drawn by eight white horses furnished by Dodd's Express Company. Seventy-five boys of the Union Home and School, orphans of deceased Union soldiers, were in uniform, under the command of one of their own number. Fifty girls from the same school were in three of the large Erie Railroad express wagons, which were handsomely decorated with flags and bunting. One of the wagons was drawn by ten black horses. There were also two wagons filled with flowers.

For a long time before the head of the procession reached the portals of the cemetery the grounds were alive with people. Many had brought carriage-loads of flowers with them to decorate the graves. Many who had come afoot brought their modest floral offerings too, and more than one narrow grave was beautifully decked long before the hour for the ceremonies had arrived.

When the different organizations composing the procession had been properly disposed about the mound overlooking the soldiers' graves, the services were opened by the singing of a hymn. After which a prayer was offered by the chaplain of the G. A. R., and a beautiful hymn sung by the soldiers' orphans from the Union Home at Carmansville.

General **Sickles** then advanced and addressed the assemblage. He said: "We stand where more than 3000 soldiers of the Republic are buried. We come to scatter upon their graves the mute but eloquent tributes of our gratitude and



DECORATION OF THE GRAVES OF UNION SOLDIERS AT CYPRESS HILLS CEMETERY, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, May 30, 1869.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

affection. We bring with us the standards under which many of them fell—and here, too, are many of their children, whom it is our duty to care for and to cherish. Soldiers are here, merchants, men of all walks in life, all united to-day in asserting their sympathy for the object which has called us together. Our Memorial-day is of special interest to us, whose comrades lie buried here. We mourn the loss of friends who have fought side by side with us, our tears bedew the flowers we lay upon their quiet graves, but our grief is mingled with the pride we feel when we think of the noble services of those who did not die in vain when struggling to aid in the salvation of our country. The magistrate who enforces the laws, who wields the sword of justice to the end that the welfare of society may be preserved, is a benefactor; but the men who fill these graves are greater benefactors by far. They fought that the laws might be observed. They gave up home and life for country, and we enjoy to-day the fruits of their exertions, and may we ever hold them in grateful remembrance."

General Sickles closed with an eloquent appeal in behalf of the soldiers' orphans, claiming that there can be no more graceful or grateful service than to care for these children of the Republic, whose fathers died that the Republic might live.

The following is the hymn sung at the opening of the exercises:

Love unchanging for the dead,
  Lying here in gloried sleep,
Where the angels softly tread,
  While their holy watch they keep.

Wreaths we bring that ne'er shall fade,
  Greener with the passing years,
Brighter for our sorrow's shade,
  Jeweled with our fallen tears.

Dying that the truth might live,
  Here they rest in Freedom's name,
Giving all that man can give—
  Life for Glory's deathless fame.

Bend in love, O azure sky!
  Shine, O stars! at evening-time!
Watch where heroes calmly lie,
  Clothed with faith and hope sublime.

God of nations, bless the land
  Thou hast saved to make us free!
Guide us with thy mighty hand,
  Till all lands shall come to Thee!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 19, 1869.

THE CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH QUESTION.

It is a pleasant duty to record a much better feeling in regard to the English difficulty. Indeed, it would be preposterous that a Republican administration in this country, and an English ministry of which John Bright is a member, should come to loggerheads upon any question arising out of the war. Shall we add that it is fortunate also that Parliament has not taken up the subject, and that Congress is not in session? because in the warmth of debate it is very easy to say what it is not very easy to forget, and what wounds and rankles in a degree quite disproportioned to the real weight of the words.

Mr. Motley's friendly little speeches in Liverpool, and the conciliatory comments upon them of the London journals; the speech of Mr. W. E. Forster, one of our most faithful friends during the rebellion; and the letter of Mr. Leslie Stephen, also among our friends, to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, are the most important contributions to the debate in England as we write, with Sir Francis Bond Head's documents showing that Governor Marcy of New York recognized the Canadian rebels as belligerents in 1837, and that he was virtually supported by the National Government.

Upon our side the publication of extracts from the diplomatic correspondence showing that at the time of the proclamation of neutrality by the European powers the United States Government was satisfied and so expressed itself; the speech of General Butler at the graves of the Union soldiers in Gloucester which inculcated undying hatred to England; the articles in the newspapers which are of a softened tone; and a reported conversation with Mr. Sumner in which the Senator is represented as saying that the fluttering in England is a sign of conscious guilt, and that John Bright has about done his work, are the noticeable events.

We hope that Mr. Sumner is misrepresented. The report places him in a very ungracious position toward Mr. Bright, and apparently upon no other ground than a report by telegraph of something Mr. Bright is said to have said in an informal conversation at a Cabinet meeting. We have not supposed that the members of the British Cabinet were in the habit of reporting remarks of any kind that may be made within the official circle, and something more than a story by telegraph is necessary to change that belief. The "interviewer" also reports Senator Sumner as differing with the President upon the course which the United States should adopt. The Senator, he says, is in favor of opening negotiations upon the new basis of his speech, and would have instructed Mr. Motley accordingly. The President prefers to leave the matter without positive directions, and to follow the lead of circumstances.

General Butler has also been "seen" by a reporter, and says that we have no case against England upon the grounds alleged by Senator Sumner, but only upon the general ground of her desire to break down our government; that we had better do nothing but wait until a fitting opportunity, and then, as England was a robber, we can be an assassin by way of keeping the balance of morality. There is a tendency to this view in many other minds, and in some newspapers, and we consider it elsewhere. The General's speech at Gloucester was an exhortation that the Union soldiers, although dead, will yet serve their country by keeping alive in the hearts of the people the remembrance of the injuries inflicted by England. A more unpardonable insult to the character and memory of the Massachusetts boys, in professed honor of whom he spoke, is not conceivable.

The speech of Mr. William E. Forster is a reply to that of Senator Sumner's, and presents the English view with clearness and force. It is indeed the best speech by Mr. Forster that we have seen. He defends the issuing of the neutrality proclamation, and says that although the Government might have awaited the arrival of Mr. Adams, yet that many of the most ardent friends of the United States were anxious that neutrality should be proclaimed, and that he himself was among the number. Mr. Forster questions the soundness of Senator Sumner's claim in this case of a distinction between belligerency on land and sea, because the blockade was an act of war, and of necessity implied maritime opportunities and rights. He denies that England flung her sword into the scale of Slavery. Certain classes in England undoubtedly did so; but the friends of America in England, whom Mr. Forster thinks that Mr. Sumner is inclined to forget, "kept the Government" straight, and prevented it from throwing its force for Slavery. Moreover, Mr. Sumner, as Mr. Forster thinks, when he charges half of the cost of the war to England, forgets that if England had accepted the invitation of France to recognize the Confederacy, the cost of the struggle to us—for he does not doubt that we should have won—would have been quintupled. To refuse to take such a step was certainly, he says, not to show unfriendliness.

But Mr. Forster, and no other honorable Englishman, so far as we know, defends the *Alabama* escape. "There was that great mistake," he says, "of the *Alabama*, for which we are willing to submit to arbitration, and to pay damages if the arbitrator—as I dare say he would—decides against us." The tone of Mr. Forster's speech is most cordial throughout, and his conclusions are doubtless those of the Englishmen who are and always have been friendly. Indeed, we must all agree that the question of feeling is one that can not be settled by any other arbitration than that of war. The American mind is probably decided upon that subject. But the actual conduct of the British Government under the laws of nations is a question for investigation, and with it the damages for which it may be liable. An expression of regret for the escape of the *Alabama* would, under the circumstances, probably be proffered, and the damages willingly paid. But we see still less reason than ever for changing our opinion that a general apology and moral damages would not be made or offered by the United States were the case reversed.

COURTESY AND CONFUSION.

The country has hardly sufficiently considered the responsibility of the Senate for the complication arising from the unfortunate performances of Mr. Reverdy Johnson in England. As we remarked last week, the Senate is known to foreign governments as the treaty-making power; and it is of course assumed that a Minister who, with the view of a certain negotiation, is unanimously appointed by the Senate, represents its views upon that negotiation. Indeed any other assumption would be ridiculous. When, therefore, Mr. Johnson arrived in England, and it was known that he was not only unanimously confirmed by the Senate but that he was himself a Senator at the time of his appointment, there could be but one opinion, and that was that he was peculiarly the representative of the Senate's opinion. The British Government was under a misapprehension for which the Senate was responsible.

Indeed, so strongly did we feel at the time that Mr. Johnson was not a representative of the opinion and spirit of the country with which England had to deal that we said so with some emphasis, and were censured for doing so. But we did not directly censure, as we should have done, the action of the Senate in confirming him. There was no doubt of Mr. Johnson's general ability, as it is called, nor could there be any doubt that he was not in sympathy with the Senate in its political views; but because he was a Senator, and because there is some kind of courtesy, as it is called, which compels the Senate to confirm the nomination of one of its own members, there was no protest; it was considered fortunate that President Johnson had made such a nomination, and Mr. Reverdy Johnson was confirmed. Yet if he had been a candidate for the Presidency, and it had been known that as President he would direct the *Alabama* negotiations, not one Republican Senator would have voted for him. By confirming him as Minister to England, the Senators placed him and themselves and their country and England in a false position, and are really responsible for a great deal of the present situation.

If the Senate had refused to fill the English mission until it was really satisfied with the nomination, it would have done its duty. It did not hesitate to reject General M'Clellan; but it likewise did not hesitate to confirm one of General M'Clellan's most strenuous supporters, and the one whom, had he been elected President, General M'Clellan would probably have made Secretary of State. This was done, as we say, as an act of courtesy. But is it not now tolerably evident that such a reason should no longer be allowed to complicate public affairs, and even, possibly, to imperil the peaceful relations of the country? If President Johnson had nominated Senator Saulsbury as Minister to England or to any other country, or to any office of responsibility, would the Senate have felt compelled by courtesy to confirm the nomination? But if the reasons which would probably have prevailed in his case were sufficient to secure his rejection, certainly those of another kind, which existed in the case of Mr. Reverdy Johnson, were equally sufficient. We trust that this kind of courtesy will not hereafter procure important confirmations.

THE REPUBLIC OF CUBA.

The recent news from Cuba is favorable to the revolution, although it is mainly of preparation and intention rather than of performance. General Cespedes has sent to the Minister of the Republic of Cuba in the United States, Mr. Lemus, a statement that fourteen representatives, elected in the insurrectionary districts by universal suffrage, met as a Congress in Guimaro on the 10th of May. This Congress adopted a Constitution based upon the recognition of the equal rights of all men. It divides the three powers—legislative, executive, and judicial—into independent departments, and the island into four States, each to be equally represented in a House of Representatives, in which resides the legislative power, and which is elected by all citizens over twenty years of age. The executive power is lodged in a President elected by the House of Representatives and responsible to it. The House also elects a General-in-Chief. The President names four Secretaries of Departments with the approval of the House. There will be provision for the Judiciary Department by-and-by; and meanwhile the right of petition, freedom of worship, liberty of speech and of the press, are declared inalienable rights.

On the 11th of May the Congress met again, and unanimously elected Cespedes President of the Republic and General Quesada Commander-in-Chief of the forces. The Secretaries were nominated and approved and entered upon their duties. A national flag, the same that was unfurled by Aguero, was also adopted. This frame of government the revolutionary leaders had already declared to be temporary and provisional only, as they have declared for annexation to the United States. There are no facts given in regard to the election of the fourteen members, but they are undoubtedly accepted as representatives by the revolutionists, who are probably the great body of the native Cubans. Meanwhile friendly expeditions have landed upon the island with men and arms. General Dulce is going home to Spain, and General Caballero de Rodas is coming in his place. This appointment is a mistake upon the part of the Provisional Government of Spain, for de Rodas is known chiefly by his bloody suppression of a Republican movement in Malaga and other cities last year.

There is, however, the old want of accurate information from Cuba. Rumors of engagements, of captures, etc., resound in the correspondence, but as yet there are no authentic accounts. Delay is favorable to the revolution. Spain certainly can not spare more troops, and those on the island are apparently unable to subdue the spirit and endurance of the Cubans. The civil government is also as yet very shadowy; but the undeniable fact is that the revolution began last October, and is, so far as can be seen, as vigorous as ever.

LEX TALIONIS.

Probably no intelligent man doubts that England will pay for the losses by the *Alabama*, and pay by her own consent. But during the discussion, and indeed ever since that ship, which we must insist was by her practices at sea a mere pirate, sailed gayly away from Liverpool, it has been said and reiterated with a grim smile: "We are in no hurry: when England goes to war again or falls into trouble, we can then see how she likes her own pills." This feeling was recently expressed by General Butler, as we have elsewhere mentioned, in an "interview" which has been duly reported. The General, according to the report, said: "Now as to the remedy. We need not go to war. We can afford to wait. England took her chance to cripple us when we were in trouble. We can wait till some fitting opportunity enables us to repay her in kind. We can easly find means, whenever she gets into a war, to sweep her commerce from the ocean, and substitute our own in its place. We can afford to wait."

Certainly we can afford to wait, but we can't afford to be rascals. We can afford to pay the *Alabama* claims out of our own pockets, but we can't afford to steal. We can afford to do any thing honorable and just, but we can't afford to do what we have denounced as villainy and immorality. For eight years we have steadily declared that the conduct of England was indefensible; that it was both an offense against humanity and against international law; that it was the end of harmony among nations; and that if other countries should follow so base an example every war that began would involve the whole world in hostilities. We have, moreover, with just pride pointed to our own precedents. We have declared that the record of our international obligation was without a spot; and when we surrendered the rebel emissaries captured upon the *Trent* we did so in express obedience to our own precedents, and not to the demand of Great Britain. And now because, as is alleged, England has behaved like a barbarian, we will throw our civilization, our history, our honor to the winds, and servilely imitate an example that we despise!

A savage tribe whose chiefs have been scalped and disemboweled may execute vengeance upon an enemy in kind; but how are we ever to emerge from the savage state if we do not even try to be civilized? Count Valmaseda, the Spanish General in Cuba, issues a proclamation denouncing fire and slaughter against the enemy as infamous as Beauregard's "Booty and Beauty" order during the rebellion. Every honest man feels that if the Spaniards resort to such a policy they deserve defeat, whatever their plea. But when it turns out that Cespedes has done the same thing, whether in retaliation or not, the revolution instantly loses the immense aid of the indignation and sympathy which Valmaseda had aroused. Retaliation is the warfare of savages, but not of civilized nations. The best public opinion would not sanction the scalping and burning of Indians because they might have scalped and burned our soldiers whom they had captured; nor ought we to eat the prisoners whom we might make among a cannibal enemy because the cannibals would eat us.

It was our pride, when Canada calmly saw the rebel raids from its territory against peaceful Vermont villages, instantly to send a military force to prevent the Fenian raids from the United States. And if there is to be any progressive civilization, if the ravages of war are to be diminished and the peace of the world to be promoted, it is to be done by insisting upon the highest, and not by yielding to what we condemn as the lowest rule of international conduct. International law, as it is improperly called, is, indeed, substantially the law of might. A strong maritime nation does what it will, makes a precedent and calls it law. But the true fraternity of nations can be promoted only by that appeal to the common conscience and good sense which lies in clinging fast to the justice and honor which that conscience recognizes. It would certainly be rather mortifying if we should ourselves hasten to deserve all the reproaches that we have heaped upon England during the eight years just past.

NATIONAL FINANCES.

It is contended in support of Mr. Boutwell's policy of purchasing the Five-Twenties rather than the Three per cent. certificates that the Act of February 25, 1862, authorizing a Sinking Fund, and the Act of January 25, 1868, forbidding any curtailment of the currency, are in their joint effect imperative in requiring that the duty shall not only be performed, but in that manner.

There is undoubtedly much force in this ground. The purchase or payment "of one per centum of the entire debt" was to be made "in each fiscal year after the first of July, 1862;" but yet the late Secretary of the Treasury failed to obtain and set apart any portion of the debt as a Sinking Fund, and Congress made no complaint of the omission.

The Act above referred to of January 25, 1868, which prevents any "reduction of the currency by retiring or canceling United States *notes*," does not by its *terms* apply to the Three per cent. certificates, as they are not strictly *notes;* and hence, if a rigid interpretation were followed, those certificates might be obtained and set apart for the purposes of the fund.

Mr. M'Culloch had other reasons for omitting all compliance with the Act than the existence of the law to prevent curtailment, for he would neither set apart the Three per cent. certificates nor the Five-Twenties. What reason governed him? There is some ground for the pretense that the Sinking Fund Act vests some discretion in the Secretary of the Treasury as to whether or not one per centum of the debt shall be obtained and applied in that manner; but the words, "as the Secretary of the Treasury shall from time to time direct," contained in the second subdivision of the 5th section, apply only to the investment of the in-

terest earned by the fund as to which discretion may be used. No discretion on the other point is allowed.

That Mr. M'Culloch had a surplus of gold, and that it was sold for the purpose of obtaining currency to pay the ordinary expenses of the Government, is well known. The necessity for this was unquestionably due to the failure to take the necessary means for collecting the Internal Revenue, and particularly from whisky —an omission which was allowed to gratify the personal ambition of the late President, whose adherents consisted principally of the Whisky Ring, and of those who derived profit from the irregular action of the Government. The calamity to the United States of being obliged to pass through nearly four years of maladministration is now over; but although the influence of it will be felt through years, the Government is still able to perform its guarantees to its creditors.

On looking at the terms of the numerous acts passed during the war it will appear that our resources obtained from *duties* were to be applied to the interest of the debt, and the residue to the creation of the Sinking Fund; and that those resources which are derived from Internal Revenues were to be applied to the ordinary expenses of the Government, and to the purchase of gold if required for the payment of interest. The creditors of the United States, holding the debt created under the act of February 25, 1862, and subsequently, have an undoubted right to call for the application to the Sinking Fund of such proportion of the Customs receipts as the Act of February, 1862, specifies. The public faith is pledged to this, as the creation of the fund constituted one of the inducements for taking the bonds.

The first matter to be determined in considering the question is, whether any surplus of gold over and above what will be required to pay the interest for the fiscal year actually exists. Mr. Boutwell has been in office only three months, during which time no considerable part of the present accumulation of gold could have arisen. If the revenue from imports continues on the scale of present receipts, it may fairly be assumed that at least the one per cent. of the debt (say $26,000,000) which the Act authorizes to be set apart in each year may safely be done, but a diminution of these receipts is not improbable—a fact which should be carefully weighed.

In constituting the fund, the question whether to use the Five-Twenties or the Three per cent. certificates is not free from difficulty. If the Three per cent. certificates are used it would amount in effect to contraction, as they constitute part of the reserve of banks, and they would need to be replaced with legal tenders; which contraction Mr. Boutwell supposes would violate the spirit of the Act of January 25, 1868, which suspends the operation of the law to authorize contraction. If, on the other hand, the Three per cent. certificates are not used in the Sinking Fund, the Government might exhaust all its surplus means in constituting the fund, and be exposed to a demand for the payment of the Three per cent. certificates at a time when the Treasury was weak. The amount of those certificates outstanding on the 1st of May last was $53,240,000, upon which there was then accrued interest amounting to $931,700. The principal had been reduced $165,000 up to the 1st of June.

During the pinch last year caused by locking up legal tenders about $12,000,000 of such certificates were supposed to have been presented to meet the pressing necessities of National banks. The happening of a similar contingency under a tight money market is not improbable. If the Treasury were weak those certificates which are payable on demand would be presented without doubt. The strength of the Treasury now is an inducement for allowing them to remain where they are.

It has been suggested that Mr. Boutwell intends not only to apply the one per cent. of the whole debt to the Sinking Fund, but also what Mr. M'Culloch omitted. This is scarcely possible, as six fiscal years have already elapsed since the first of July, 1862, and the amount would be larger than could be spared, especially as the Three per cent. certificates might be demanded.

There is still another embarrassment in forming the Sinking Fund out of the Three per cent. certificates. They are payable on demand; and although it is competent for the Secretary of the Treasury to stop the running of interest under the 4th section of the Act of February 25, 1862, which section governed in creating the certificates, it would be difficult to fund them, and it might not suit the interests of the holders to expose their customers to the serious contraction which their withdrawal would occasion. By stopping the interest some portion of them would doubtless be presented, not enough to produce severe contraction, but yet possibly enough to save himself from the dilemma which might be caused by the presentation of too large an amount after the Treasury had been severely depleted by purchasing the Five-Twenties.

We present these matters from no feeling of hostility to the management of the Department, nor with a view to propound any theory. Mr. Boutwell undoubtedly feels confidence in his ability to keep up the Sinking Fund to what was intended in 1862, from the determination evinced by General Grant and his Cabinet not only to collect the whole revenues with promptitude and vigor, but also to apply them with all possible economy and integrity. In this contrast to the policy of President Johnson is comprised nearly all that is required for success; but, as it would appear that we are about to enter upon a career in our finances more difficult than the one through which we have passed, it will need to be considered whether efficiency in collections will enable the Government to meet all the contingencies of the new situation.

The question whether it is politic to create a Sinking Fund does not now arise, as the Act of February 25, 1862, remains unrepealed and unaltered. There is great force in what General Grant said in his inaugural, that if an act of Congress is impolitic it should nevertheless be rigidly enforced, for then the proper remedy would be applied. Mr. Boutwell finds the act on the statute book in full force, and no complaint can be made of compliance with its provisions. But whether to construct the Sinking Fund wholly of Five-Twenties, and to remain exposed to a sudden demand of the Three per cent. certificates at a time when the money market is tightened up by the periodical transfer of currency to move the crops, and by the simultaneous action of speculators, must be decided as exigencies arise.

PARTY "CAPITAL."

We have said elsewhere, in speaking of the English question, that it is perhaps fortunate that Congress is not in session. If it were there would be resolutions introduced more rhetorical than wise, and every honorable gentleman who could express a warm hostility to England would doubtless do so without regard to adjectives. Public opinion would be excited, and emphatic resolutions, introduced and passed by the Republican majority, would be regarded as a kind of party platform upon which every faithful member would be required to stand.

Indeed the obvious difficulty with any such question is, that, while it demands cool and careful treatment, it is likely to be caught up by party necessity and made a partisan cry. If, for instance, there were those who thought it necessary to do something to restore the prestige of an administration of their own party, and who saw an unsettled foreign question upon which a very strong public feeling existed, nothing is more probable than that they would instantly make it a mere party matter: that is, they would take a positive position, not for the purpose of procuring a just settlement of the question, but for the sake of uniting the party. This is what every sensible man must feel to be the real peril of the English complication. "Fifty-four forty or fight!" was the cry against England in the time of Polk. But to raise such a cry justly there was necessary a knowledge of the facts which could not be generally assumed.

We observe a report that certain Pennsylvania politicians propose to "make capital" out of the *Alabama* question, and to impose it as one of the "leading issues" upon the country at the next election. "Those," says the report, "who are directing the movement feel positive that it will prove successful in materially strengthening the Republican party, and produce a good moral effect." It is further stated that Mr. Curtin, the new Minister to Russia, Mr. Forney, of the Washington *Chronicle*, and Senator Sumner are interested in the movement. An effort is also to be made to persuade the Pennsylvania Republican Convention to "take high ground" upon the subject.

In this country the people are the government, and the policy of the administration will naturally reflect the will of the people. But the people are morally bound not to insist upon any policy which they have not carefully considered, and the fundamental facts of which they do not fully understand. Those who in the press or from the platform, or in other ways, help to influence public opinion, are equally bound to the candid consideration of every subject. Now, to treat the Cuban question, or the English question, or any foreign question whatever, merely as a means of whipping in the party, without regard to the real merits of the dispute or to the honor of the country, is a proceeding which no honest man and good citizen can approve. Our party friends will remember that there was a very strong pressure privately brought to bear upon the Chicago Convention to pass resolutions virtually excommunicating the Republican Senators who voted against the conviction of Andrew Johnson—a judgment in which we did not agree with them. If the effort had been successful, and the party had gone into the late election with such a plank in the platform, would the position of the party have been higher or the chances of its success greater?

If the attempt shall be made in the Pennsylvania Republican Convention, or in any other, to commit the party to any Fifty-four-forty-or-fight doctrine, we hope that those who propose it will be compelled to show how much they know of the subject. The mere passage of a stringent resolution without debate may help to perplex the situation, but it can not have any moral weight. Vehement expressions of hostility to any foreign country with which there is some difficulty, or toward which for any reason the public feeling is not kindly, are always received with acclamation. But it is not so that a great nation treats itself or other nations justly. The maxim, "Our country, may she be always right, but right or wrong our country," is interpreted by another, "My purse, may it be honestly full, but a full purse any how." And when, as now, the best friends of this country in England so cordially agree upon the indefensibility of the escape of the *Alabama*, what we most need is not party heat, but patriotic wisdom.

SPAIN.

The Spanish Cortes has adopted a liberal monarchical constitution, and the Republican members have apparently decided not to secede nor protest. This result has probably been anticipated, and will therefore occasion no surprise. But the immediately interesting point to us in the Spanish situation is its treatment of Cuba. Signor Escalar asserted the American principle so boldly that it was to be hoped the Cortes would agree to try its operation in America. That every people shall govern itself without foreign interference is the American principle; and when a foreign country, however intimately and traditionally related to Spain, plainly wishes to govern itself, the opportunity of permitting it to do what Spain is herself doing, would seem too remarkable not to be eagerly embraced if the Cortes were really persuaded of the expediency of the principle. That the offer has not been made shows that the Spanish revolution is like many others. Those who took part in it passionately desire their own liberty. Burke says that slaveholders are peculiarly sensitive and brave in defense of their own independence.

The Provisional Government of Spain plainly intends to retain Cuba if it can. But in sending a new Governor-General with the reputation of Caballeros de Rodas it does what Isabella might have done. It seems a mere continuation of the Bourbon policy. Its tendency can only be to make the new régime in Spain as hateful as the old. Meanwhile the counter-revolution in Havana, the forced resignation of Dulce, and the indisputable ascendency of the Volunteers, is of the worst promise. With a Governor of the reputed character of De Rodas, with a General in the field like Valmaseda, and with a military force like the Volunteers, a conflict of the most sanguinary kind seems to be impending.

The conduct of the Spanish Government at home is meanwhile rapidly destroying all sympathy that might justly be felt for it. At the moment of writing there is practically no civil government in Cuba. The Republic, of which we speak elsewhere, is of course only an army in the field; the Spanish authority is merely that of the mob in the streets. Without more troops from Spain the mob, or the Volunteers, can not maintain themselves, and Spain has no more troops to send. When the new Governor arrives he must be either the master or the slave of the Volunteers; and he will find more contests than those with the Cubans. Spain seems to be unequal to the emergency.

THE DEAD SOLDIERS.

General Logan, as Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, has issued an order explaining why the graves of the rebel soldiers are not decorated with those of the Union soldiers. He says that it is from no vindictive emotion, but from the wish to distinguish the feeling with which the nation regards freedom and slavery, Republican principles and those of a slave-holding oligarchy. Chief Justice Chase has also written a letter in reply to an invitation to assist at the ceremony of decoration in Charleston. He asks, "May we not indulge the hope that ere long we who adhered to the national cause will be prompt also to join in commemorating the heroism of our countrymen who fell on the other side?" It is a pity that the career of the Chief Justice suggests the suspicion that his letters are always written with one eye upon the White House. Certainly this letter has the distinction of suggesting a course which would put an end to the festival of decoration by making it worse than meaningless.

General Logan's order states the case truly. The graves of the Union soldiers are decorated, not because they are dead and were brave, but because they gave their lives and their heroism to the noblest cause. Calhoun was undoubtedly honest in his convictions. Is he therefore to be equally honored with Abraham Lincoln? That the rebel soldiers were sincere and fought bravely has never been questioned; but they spent their lives and their valor for the most inhuman and detestable cause in history. Mr. Chase entirely misconceives the case. It is not heroism that is honored in the decorations of the graves, it is humanity and justice. If he will go to Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill he will find monuments to brave men who fell in the earliest battles of the Revolution. Does he think that they are commemorated for their bravery? No; it is for defending their country against unjust aggression. The tall gray shaft on Bunker Hill does not chiefly say, "These were brave men;" it says, "This was a great cause."

Undoubtedly General Gage was as sure of his cause as Putnam or Prescott or Warren. Does the Chief Justice think his name should be carved upon the monument? Major Pitcairn at Lexington was as brave and sincere as the farmers upon whom he fired; shall he too be honored by a grateful America? Or is it a greater offense for an Englishman to assert the authority of the Crown in an English colony than for an American citizen to attempt to overthrow the Government and rend his country in order to perpetuate human slavery? There may be a question of the wisdom of the festival which the Grand Army has established, but there can be none that General Logan's view of it is correct. It is intended, by refreshing the sweet memory of the brave boys who died for liberty and justice, our brothers whom slavery slew, to renew the national fidelity to the eternal principles of liberty upon which alone human society can be firmly founded. It may be doubted whether the method is wisely chosen. There can be no doubt that the object is as lofty as any that the American heart can cherish.

NATIONAL TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

We learn that the next Annual Meeting of the National Teacher's Association is to be held at Trenton, New Jersey, on the 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th days of August. Such arrangements have been made that a warm and hospitable welcome can be extended to all who attend the Convention. Papers have been prepared upon important educational topics by the most prominent delegates of the Convention.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Kansas Pacific Railway was attacked by Indians at Fossil Creek Station May 28. Two men were killed and four wounded. The railroad track was torn up and thrown a considerable distance from the grading.

Ole Bull has accepted the invitation of the Executive Committee of the Boston Peace Jubilee to take part in the great musical festival. A dispatch says that he has tried his violin in the "Coliseum," and pronounces its acoustic qualities excellent. He is to play his own arrangement of "Auld Lang Syne," accompanied by the orchestra of one thousand pieces.

A statement prepared at the Treasury Department reveals the fact that since the year 1861 there has been paid into the Treasury "Conscience Fund" $80,238 90. The amount paid in each year is rapidly growing larger. In 1861 only $250 were paid in, while during the five months of this year over $15,000 have been received.

The diminution of the public debt during the month of May was $13,384,777. The diminution since March 1 has been over twenty millions.

Mr. Corcoran, the wealthy banker of Washington, who recently donated his Art Depository to that city, has just made another bequest—a home for the indigent widows of Washington—which is to be called after his wife. Provision is made for sixty widows of officers, clerks, and other worthy public servants dying poor: the institution to be under the direction of five Washington ladies. The buildings and grounds cost over $200,000.

It is reported that ex-Secretary Seward, accompanied by his wife and his son, F. W. Seward, has started upon a summer trip to his Sitka estate, *via* San Francisco.

General C. C. Andrews, of Minnesota, who was appointed and confirmed Minister to Denmark, has been transferred to Sweden, *vice* J. J. Bartlett, recalled.

Mr. Sanford, appointed Minister to Belgium, has resigned, and J. Russell Jones, of Illinois, has been nominated to fill the vacancy.

The recent massacre by the Indians in Kansas was a horrible affair. It is reported that after the massacre "the tongues and hearts were cut out of the dead bodies; the calves of their legs were slit down and tied under their shoes; pieces of flesh were cut from their backs; pieces of telegraph-wire stuck into them, and the ears cut off and heads scalped." Further, that the fiends "boiled the hearts of their victims for medicine."

FOREIGN NEWS.

Now that the Suez Canal has been so nearly completed, Ismail Pacha, the Viceroy of Egypt, is anxious to secure the pledge of European governments to the neutrality of that enterprise. He is said to have started upon a European tour for that purpose.

The Protestant Congress assembled at Worms, May 31, was attended by 20,000 persons, including representatives from all the German States. The Congress, by a unanimous vote, resolved against the Papal exhortation to return to the Roman Church, and condemned the encyclical letter and syllabus.

The Spanish Cortes has passed the new Constitution, and the Republicans have announced their intention to support it. The new Constitution was promulgated June 5 at Madrid. At about two o'clock in the afternoon the members of the Executive Council and the Deputies to the Cortes proceeded from the Chambers to a platform which was erected in front of the halls of Congress. There the Secretary of the Cortes read the Constitution. It was received with loud cheers by an immense concourse of people gathered in front of the platform.

Direct taxes in the Spanish colonies have been reduced one-half, and a small export duty on sugar, rum, and tobacco has been imposed.

Captain-General Dulce sailed from Havana for Spain on the 5th, accompanied by forty officials and the Bishop of Cuba. The Volunteers appear to have taken the Government into their own hands. They have removed the Governors of Cardenas and Colon, and propose to establish a Triumvirate, consisting of prominent Spaniards, to govern the island till the Home Government is settled. The Governor and Chief Justice of Havana have resigned.

We give on page 388 an illustration of the landing of an expedition in the Bay of Nipe, on the Cuban coast. A recent semi-official from Havana reports that the "filibusters" have come to grief. They were, it is said, surprised and dispersed by one of the Spanish military columns. Three or four of the invaders, designated as foreigners, the only prisoners taken, were summarily shot. It is added that the cargo of the vessel in which the filibusters landed fell into the hands of the Spaniards. It consisted of twelve pieces of artillery, 150,000 cartridges, with other ammunition, and a large number of barrels of hard bread and potatoes.

WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.

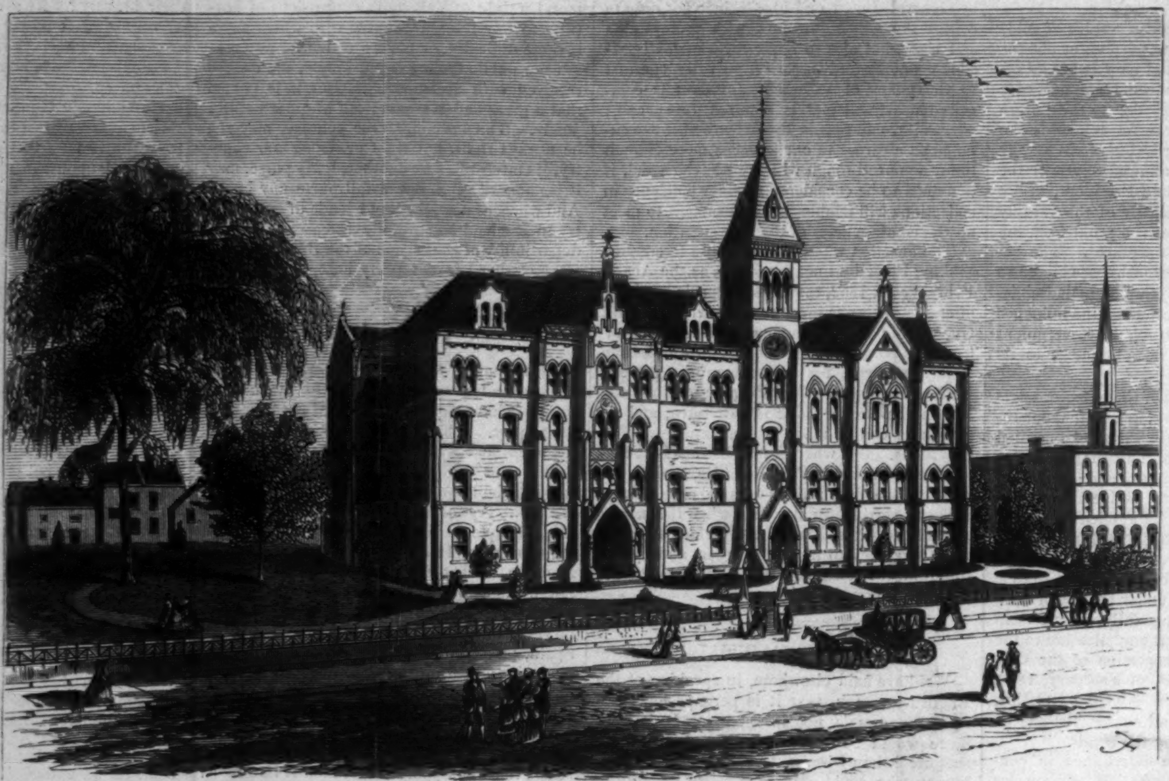
The Wesleyan Female College of Cincinnati was founded in 1842. Its origin was humble and unpretending. But it did good, honest work; and in a very few years came to be regarded as one of the best educational institutions in the city. And from that time forward, through a period of over twenty years, it held a position and wielded an influence rarely attained by any institution, however munificently endowed. Its halls were filled to overflowing—nearly four thousand different individuals having been enrolled as students down to 1866. Its patronage was drawn from all parts of the land, not even excepting Oregon and California. The number of graduates bearing the diploma of the institution is three hundred and sixty.

The introduction of cheap scholarships led the institution to the brink of financial ruin. For a little time hope as to there being any future for the institution seemed to have altogether expired. And we have no hesitation in saying that but for the noble generosity of three Christian churches (Wesley Chapel as principal, and Morris and Trinity as partners in interest) the Wesleyan Female College would have been ruined.

Under the inspiration of this munificent donation, comprising the lot on which this building has been erected, and the adjacent lots now covered with elegant and costly dwellings, a new Board of Trustees was organized. They took time, proceeded cautiously, surveyed every step as they advanced. The public were disposed to complain of their tardiness; but they had fully determined that they would build on a solid foundation, even if it took them a generation to do so. They issued no scholarships, incurred no claim for stock, but asked from each and all the benefactors of the institution a free-will offering, given in the name of the Lord, for the Christian education of woman.

The result is before the public in this grand building, dedicated and set apart for the purposes of its erection. The valuation of the entire grounds and building, completely furnished, is $200,000.

The College opened for its new career September 30, 1868, under the presidency of Rev. Lucius H. Bugbee, A.M., known as an educator of years' standing. The different professorial chairs are ably filled by gentlemen and ladies of experience and recognized ability. The register will show an attendance of some two hundred and fifty the current year. The instruction of the College aims to give a high and solid culture to young women, as an examination of the courses will indicate.



WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

THE HAYES MEDAL.

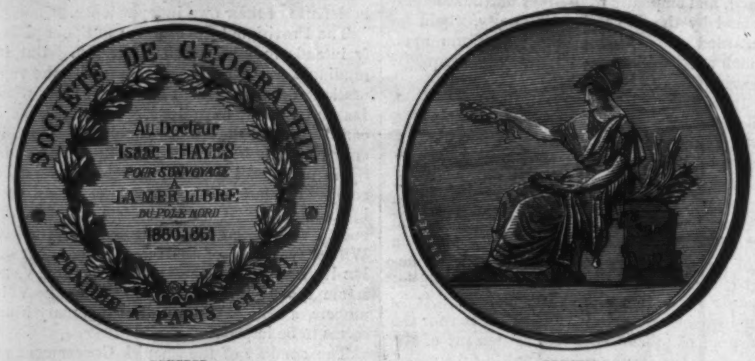
We give herewith an engraving of the gold medal recently awarded to Dr. I. I. Hayes by the Geographical Society of Paris, which is the sixth compliment our countryman has received from foreign governments and societies for his Arctic explorations and services—the former ones being the British "Arctic Medal;" a special medal from the British Government to the members of the Kane Expedition for their "generous services" in the search for Sir John Franklin; the Patron's Medal of the Royal Geographical Society of London for 1867; honorary membership of the Royal Geographical Society of Berlin; and the decoration of Officer of the Order of Guadalupe from the late chivalric though unfortunate Emperor Maximilian of Mexico.

The ceremony of the presentation of the French medal appears to have been attended with all that delicacy for which the French are so eminently distinguished. It took place in a full meeting of the society April 30, to which the American Minister, General Dix, was specially invited, with the assurance of the members that it would be very agreeable to them if he would receive the medal in behalf of Dr. Hayes.

The reply of General Dix on this occasion, made in French, which the General speaks with the ease of a native, was peculiarly happy, and was received with great cordiality.

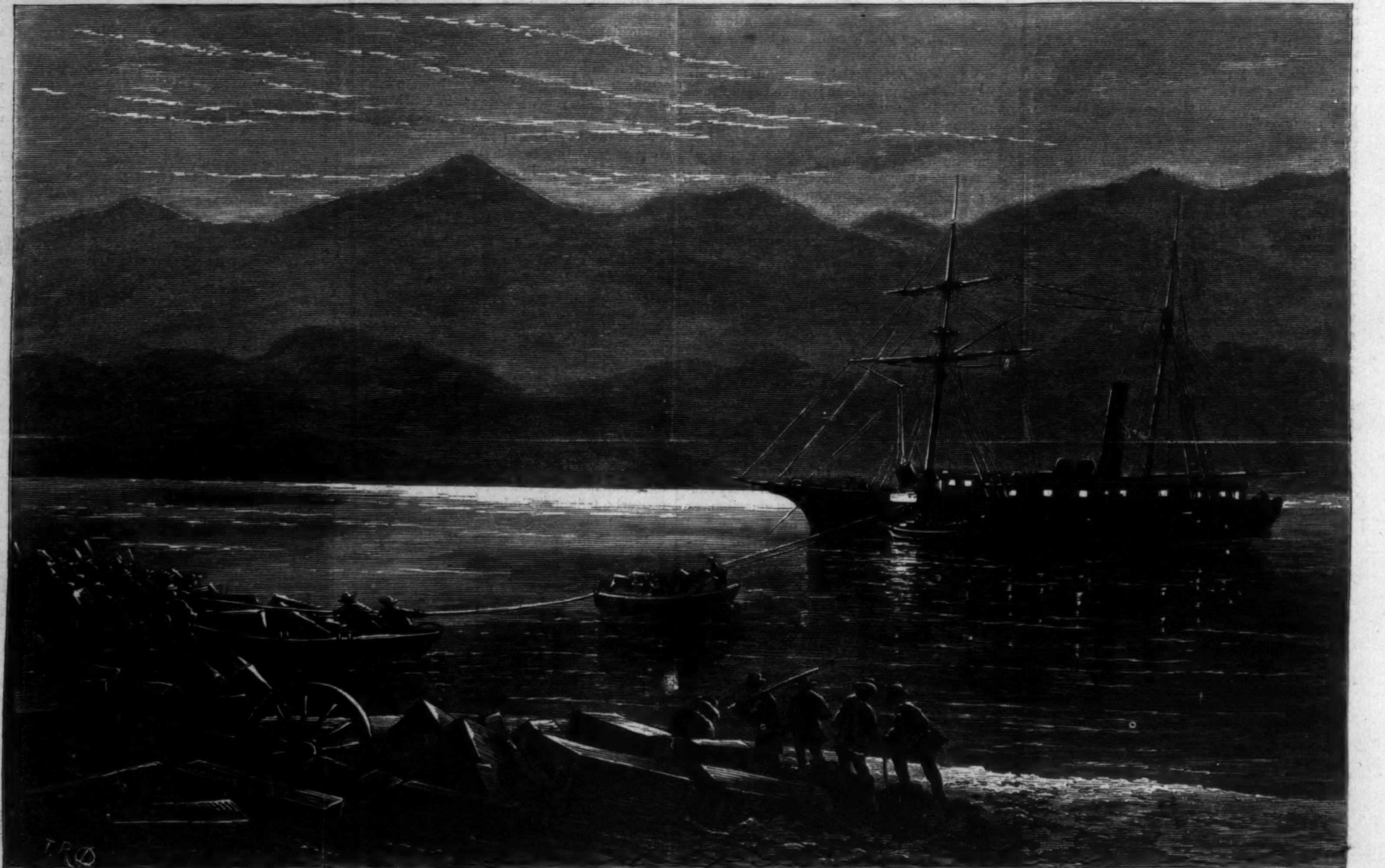
The following is a translation of it:

"M. le President,—I have listened with the greatest interest to the account given by your secretary of the discoveries made by Dr. Hayes in the Arctic regions, and it will afford me much pleasure to place in the hands of my distinguished countryman the medal which your society has been pleased to award him. The solution of the problem of the existence in the



OBVERSE. REVERSE.

MEDAL PRESENTED TO DR. I. I. HAYES BY THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF PARIS.



LANDING OF MEN AND WAR MATERIAL FOR THE CUBANS FROM THE STEAMER "PERRIT" IN THE BAY OF NIPE.—Sketched by One of the Crew.

[See Page 389.]

Polar regions of an open sea, which can be reached by navigation—a problem which Dr. Hayes endeavored to solve, and in which he made such remarkable progress—is reserved for other enterprising and scientific individuals; and it is to be hoped that the French expedition now fitting out under the direction of M. Lambert, will lead to still more satisfactory results. It is possible that these researches may enlighten us in regard to a question like that which has existed in regard to the summits of the highest elevations on the face of the globe; that we may learn on what conditions human life may be preserved in the presence of such extreme severity of temperature; or whether nature had locked up the secrets of organic existence in chambers of frost into which man is not permitted to penetrate. In those researches, as in all other pursuits of science, it is a great good fortune (as you have said, M. le President) that her empire is without bounds; that her votaries acknowledge no national demarkations; and that the sole object of her labors and her triumphs is to carry the victorious arms of knowledge and truth into the dominions of ignorance and error. Permit me to add, M. le President, in response to your opening address and the friendly sentiments you have expressed to my country, that it is a source of sincere satisfaction to me and my fellow-citizens to see France and the United States co-operating, as befits their ancient friendship, in these questions of science, and I beg you to be assured that your society, in distinguishing the labors of two of my countrymen, Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes, by such honorable testimonials of its approbation, has a just claim to our warmest acknowledgments."

This speech of General Dix, which was followed by warm and hearty applause, closed the proceedings of the Society, so far as affected the presentation of the Medal.

THE NIPE EXPEDITION.

The Bay of Nipe on the Cuban coast is a grand natural harbor. Its entrance is half a mile in width, and there is no bar. Inland it widens out into a broad, deep, landlocked bay, penetrating far into the island. It was in this bay that, on the 11th of May, in broad daylight, the steamer *Perrit* dropped anchor with arms and munitions of war sufficient for the supply of a force of 5000 Cubans. Notwithstanding the fact that there was a Spanish redoubt in plain sight the steamer entered without molestation, and before 3 o'clock A.M. on the 12th had landed half her cargo. She had on board a detachment of Americans and Europeans—men who not long since were engaged in fighting for another cause. These supplies, landed from time to time by steamers at various points on the Cuban coast, are of the utmost importance to the Cubans. It rarely happens, however, that a ship is so fortunate as the *Perrit*, which landed her cargo under the very guns of a Spanish redoubt. Our sketch on page 388 very truly represents the occurrence of which we write.

EUROPEAN VINEYARDS.

The most interesting work ever issued on the vineyards of Europe has just been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. It is from the pen of Mr. William J. Flagg, a son-in-law of the late Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati. "I think," he says in his preface, "my work will be found, in some degree, interesting to the general reader, if he have curiosity, which Hume defines as 'the love of learning.' I think, too, it may prove instructive to the general drinker as well, inasmuch as it relates to his daily beverages, and their effects on his health and happiness. But my chief aim has been to convey information, both practical and theoretical, bearing on the important matter of wine-growing in America." In connection with this, his principal object, the author especially calls attention to the following points:

1. Long pruning, which, as commonly practiced in America, I deem to have been an efficient cause for the decay of our vines.
2. Drainage, the want of which, especially in the Ohio Valley, I feel quite certain has been equally injurious.
3. The advantage of growing wine on plains rather than on hills, except where the quality obtained from hill-grown vines is such as will compensate for their larger cost and smaller yield.
4. Training in low souche, and without stakes, as probably better adapted to our warm summers than the expensive methods imitated from countries where peaches can only be ripened on trees flattened and fastened to the south sides of high walls.
5. Red wine, as preferable to white, for the future beverage of Americans.
6. The sulphur-cure, as entirely efficacious against the disease of the vine in all its many forms, if only well applied.

"Probably"—as the writer justly claims—"no other American has made near so thorough a pilgrimage among the vineyards of Europe...... and certainly not among those of France."

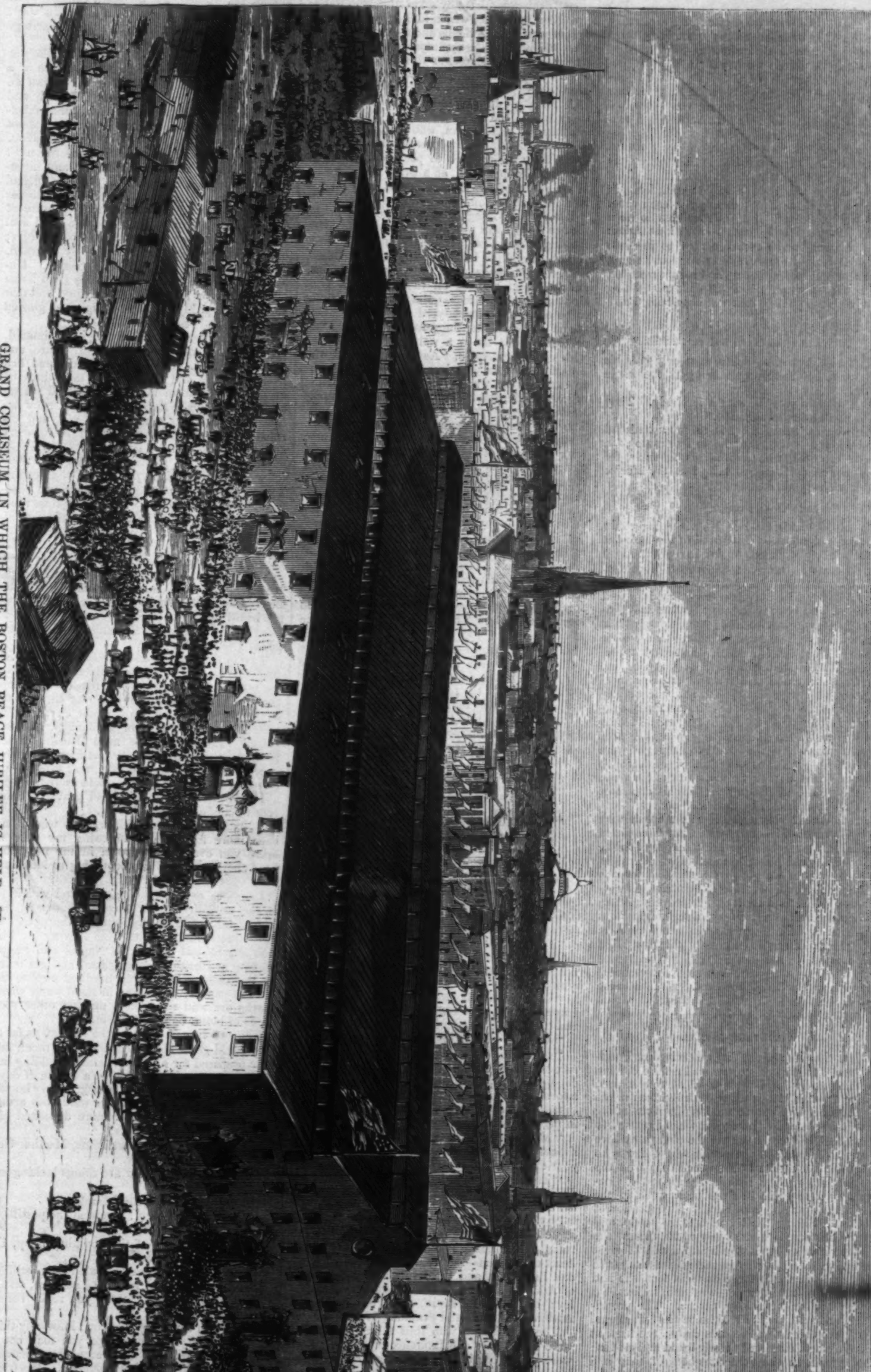
We will give a few extracts from this instructive and entertaining work:

FOG MEDICINE.

A fanciful theorizer has said that all good English comedies were written before the time of the Methuen treaty, which was about a hundred and fifty years ago, arguing thence that only pure wine can inspire pure wit. It is very true that both England and America mostly import their good plays from France, in shape of translations or adaptations; but I can hardly believe it was ever possible to import them in the form of casks of Bourdeaux or bottles of Burgundy; and think, with Sir Emerson Tennent, that British palates have always craved what was mixed, muddled, and strong, which, he says, is because of fogs. If so, then so much the worse for the British, I say, and all the more shame for us, who, with no fogs to excuse it, have, from mere force of example, learned to love fog medicine—port, sherry, Madeira, whisky, and rum—which, in our dry climate, rend us as they never do a Briton in his home.

HOW BURGUNDY GETS ITS BODY.

Often it is necessary to resort to artificial heat in aid of the fermentation. One way is to heat a portion of the must to the boiling point and then return it to the vat. A good temperature



GRAND COLISEUM IN WHICH THE BOSTON PEACE JUBILEE IS HELD.—[Photographed by John A. Whipple, 297 Washington Street, Boston.]

for the must to show when a thermometer is introduced is from 80° to 90° Fahrenheit. The experiment has been tried of adding a quantity of white wine, itself in an active state of fermentation, to serve as a kind of yeast.

So long as things work well in the vats nothing of the kind is needed. But there is another mode of rousing up the slackening process, and at the same time bringing the skins and seeds which have settled to the bottom into contact with the new-made alcohol, so that the latter may combine well with the coloring matter they contain. This consists in stirring up the whole mass from bottom to top. It is done twice during the process of fermentation. It needs a good one hour's hard work each time. It is done by men. It takes four men to do it well. They all strip naked—naked as Adam when he was good—and then they go in—into the wine-vat—chin-deep they go in, and there, with feet and hands, fingers and toes, turn over, stir about, and mix the liquid that was getting clear with the pomace that was depositing itself, and

> "Make the gruel thick and slab,
> And like a hell-broth boil and bubble."

The nice, sweet Bordelais man only puts his foot in it, but the Burgundian goes the whole figure.

It is done to give the wine a full body. They call it fermenting on the skin.

He who explained all this to my astonished mind avowed it with the simple frankness of a Feejee cannibal, who admits his fondness for what he calls "long pork." But the Feejee people are only heathens.

JOLLY NUNS.

It rained continuously. No vintaging could be seen, and attention soon tired of the look-out at the window of the coupé, so I looked in. Two nuns were with me—not handsome, of course, for in France beauty is too precious a commodity to shut up in convents—but very jolly and talkative, and better company than the holy women I had met in America; and, though their ideas were limited enough, still a seeker after wisdom could learn a good deal from them. When I told them the great majority of my countrywomen esteemed it a sin to take a drop of wine, they were astonished, and one naively asked, "Must they drink only beer, then?" adding, "I don't like beer." But when told beer too was forbidden, they fell to pitying the poor Protestants, whom they had not thought were so austere. "To be sure," they said, "one must do penance; it is for the safety of the soul; but the good God does not require his creatures to injure their health by their abstinences."

Abstinences! Poor girls! If a marquis with 200,000 francs of income, young, handsome, and agreeable, were to offer himself to either of them, she would abstain from him teetotally with might and main, as if on peril of perdition, yet she could put her quart of wine daily under her corsets and thank God for it in her prayers; while many a pretty Puritan on our side, taught from childhood to believe it "liquid poison" to body and "liquid damnation to soul," thinks it a sin and a crime to moisten her red lips with one drop of purest Margaux, on whose conscience a hundred warm kisses accepted by those same lips would rest as lightly as a thistle-down on Plymouth Rock.

A VINTAGE DANCE.

Near the close of the day we arrived at Pauillac, and I found out and entered a little old inn in the heart of a labyrinth of narrow streets, where a tough, chirpy old woman received me as if she had always known and long been expecting me. She seemed to know just what I wanted to learn, and, having shown me the chamber where I was to lodge, and the parlor where I was to eat, took me to the kitchen, and displayed the preparations she was making for a band of vintagers soon to come in from their work in the vineyards—for she was herself a proprietor, it seemed. Lifting the lid of a large kettle, and letting me smell of a savory mess within, she told me it was the vintage broth, a dish of great antiquity. Judging from the preparations, the vintage band was a large one; in fact, she had a farm of no small value—was rich, in fact, but it was her humor to keep tavern. The proprietors, she said, always fed the band of vintagers, and gave them three repasts daily; the first, at eight o'clock, consisted of only bread and grapes; the second, in the field, at noon, of soup and soup-meat; and the last, in the evening, of soup and a ragoût of meats. Bread and wine were supplied "*à discrétion*," which means without stint. The wine is made of inferior grapes, gathered from young vines usually, crushed and put into a barrel with the head out. As soon as fermentation has well begun a certain quantity of water is poured in, the cask is tapped at the foot, and the liquor placed at the discretion of the drinkers. One franc a day is paid to the cutters, as those are called who cut the grapes from the vines, and for such as carry them to the wagon a franc and a half. But a few years ago wages were one-fourth lower.

After my dinner I had grapes for dessert, and they were choice bunches, and good as any I afterward tasted in Médoc, but I could not call them delicious. Nor did I any where in France, Switzerland, or Germany find any to equal the Catawbas of the Ohio Valley in their prime.

In the evening I went to see a vintage dance at a château just outside the town. Under a shed, lighted with a single candle, twenty or thirty of the younger vintagers were dancing in wooden shoes on the bare ground. The figure was simply the old pantaloon cotillon of "forward two," "cross over," "right hand left," "dos à dos," and "ladies' chain," only the couples were placed in two opposite rows, as in a contra dance, and not as in a quadrille, so that the dancers were continually in motion. Occasionally this was varied by a few rounds in waltzing order, performed with a kind of balance step, the partners holding hands and facing each other. They did not hug, as fashionable people do, nor was there any rudeness, or romping, or boisterous conduct of the men, and far less any sign of drunkenness.

A hurdy-gurdy, played by the overseer of the troop, was all the music they had. The overseer is a kind of middle-man, who recruits the band in the neighboring and poorer districts, and conducts them from place to place while vintage lasts, sub-letting them at a price which yields him a profit of two or three cents daily on the labor of each person.

I had seen vintage dances before this, at the theatre; but there was always a row of brilliant foot-lights, and a large orchestra, and the dancers wore blue and red bodices, with clean chemises, and broad straw hats adorned with gay ribbons, and had neat slippers on their feet, and pink stockings on their legs, quite unlike any thing to be seen in the stable-yard at Pauillac. One of the wooden shoes, flung from a maiden's foot as she whirled by in a waltz, struck my knee with centrifugal force. As the Cinderella who owned it kept on with her dancing, I had time to examine the "sabot." It was nicely made, of good shape, and light, furnished with a simple leather "upper" nailed to the edge of the sole. The cost was only seventy-five cents the pair. Many people in France, who live in the country, wear this kind of shoe in muddy weather from choice, and thus avoid many a malady. An American, with common-sense enough to adopt them for himself and family, could save sufficient between the birth and coming of age of his oldest child to buy a farm.

"Here is where they sleep," said my guide, as he stopped before an open door. I looked in and saw merely a large room in an out-building, the floor of which was covered with a comfortable thickness of clean straw, upon which straw some forty vintage youths and maidens were to sleep that night. This, they told me, was the usual mode of lodging the laborers. They seemed very happy—and why should not they be? those trooping bands, tramping from one merry harvest to another, seeing the world for nothing, free for the time from home restraints, fed and lodged in foul weather as well as fair, earning wherewith to buy clothes for the year by light, social, and agreeable labor in the day, and enjoying a vintage ragoût and vintage dance in the evening, eating "à discrétion," drinking "à discrétion," and sleeping "à discrétion."

"WEARING OF THE GREEN."

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

"So you are really going to Ireland, old fellow, and at such a time?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Look out for the Fenians! See that they don't capture you, and keep you as a British hostage."

"Stuff! There are no Fenians."

"Oh, aren't there, though! Yes, by St. Patrick, and Fenianesses, too—just ask Gerald Barrymore!"

"Why, I am going over to Gerald Barrymore. I am going to spend the time with him—hunt and course and fish, and all the rest of it."

"Well, *he* says there are Fenians no end."

"Don't believe a word of it, although I am sure he thinks it if he says so. There isn't pluck enough in the population to make any thing like a formidable movement of any kind. I'll undertake to rout any band of Fenians that may come in my way with this cane."

"Misguided young man, farewell. If you should fall a victim to your rashness, I'll write your epitaph!"

"Thank you, my dear fellow! That is indeed adding a new terror to death. It will make me doubly careful of my precious existence!"

So the two friends parted, smiling. This dialogue took place one soft bright day of late autumn in the pleasant Temple Gardens, in the heart of London—the Temple Gardens of York and Lancaster, and the Red and White Roses; of Addison and Steele and Sir Roger de Coverley; of Ruth, Pecksniff, and Tom Pinch; of Arthur Pendennis and Stunning Warrington.

The two friends who thus talked and parted were Tom Gibbs and Laurence Spalding. Both were young barristers; both were as yet briefless; both were writers for newspapers and magazines; both were distinguished and active members of the Inns of Court Volunteer Corps, familiarly known as the "Devils' Own."

Laurence Spalding was a tall, athletic young fellow, who delighted in the drilling and the rifle-shooting, and the privilege, new, strange, and dear to young lawyers, of wearing the mustache. He it was who on the eve of a visit to Ireland was speaking scorn of Fenianism, and the natives of Ireland generally. He had never been in Ireland, and this was just the time when the air was rife with rumors of projected Fenian insurrection, and before any actual rising had taken place to divulge the real proportions of Fenianism's military strength. Laurence Spalding was to be a guest of his old chum and fellow-student, Gerald Barrymore, a young Irishman who had eaten his way to the English bar, and hoped to distinguish himself there, although, unlike most of his compatriots, he was heir to some property in Ireland which was actually unencumbered. Spalding was longing to see Ireland; longing to enjoy his friend's hospitality; longing to be introduced to his friend's beautiful sister, of whom he had heard so much.

Barrymore was going over to Ireland that night. Laurence was to follow in two or three days. Barrymore was to meet him in Dublin, and show him over the city; then they were to go on together to Barrymore's home in a mountainous, sea-washed, southwestern county. The railway would only carry them a certain way; the rest of the journey must be made by carriage or on horseback over mountain roads.

Now it so happened that Tom Gibbs, who was a good deal of a chatter-box and a little of a mischief-maker, met Gerald Barrymore half an hour after the conversation just reported, and told him, with perhaps some flourish and embellishment, what Laurence had been saying about Fenianism and the dangers of Irish rebellion. Barrymore's cheek reddened. He was, like most Irishmen, rather sensitive of ridicule; and, moreover, although a loyal British subject, he had been descanting somewhat largely at the dinner in the Temple Hall on the formidable nature of the Fenian movement. So he felt a good deal annoyed for the moment at what Gibbs told him; but his manly good-nature presently returned, and he resolved to think no more about it. Unluckily, however, when he got to his Irish home he told his sister something of the story, and that young lady's pretty cheek and bright eye glowed with pique and resentment.

Grace Barrymore was a bright, animated, beautiful girl, with a noble, queenly figure, and curling fair hair. She was highly educated, had lived in France and Italy, had all the culture of an Englishwoman of the best class, and yet retained an exquisite flavor of her own racy nationality. She was a motherless girl, and she ruled her father and the estate and the tenantry and the whole district generally. Like many other true-hearted Irishwomen who have seen other countries besides their own, she scolded her compatriots a good deal for their own benefit, but would not hear a word said against them by a foreigner, especially a Saxon. She was always warning all the "boys" of the place against mixing themselves up with the dangerous follies of Fenianism; and she did not at present know of the existence of a single Fenian in the neighborhood; but she clenched her little fist, and bit her red lip, and mentally vowed vengeance when she heard that a young Englishman had dared to sneer at the courage of Fenianism and the danger of Irish insurrection.

Two or three days passed away, and Laurence Spalding landed for the first time at Kingston, the port of Dublin, where his friend Barrymore received him. They spent two or three other days very joyously in the pleasant city. Every where they heard talk of Fenianism, and expected "risings" of the most dreadful kind, having for their object the overthrow of throne, church, altar, private property, and every thing else that respectable persons hold sacred. Gerald Barrymore shook his head gravely; Laurence Spalding laughed loudly.

"Laurence, my dear fellow, I do wish I had been more fortunate in choosing my time to bring you over here. Down in my neighborhood they say things are beginning to look very bad."

Laurence only laughed again, and wondered at the credulity of his friend. Laurence was one of that class of Englishmen who never believe in any thing unusual until they see it; who ride out beyond bounds in Naples and Sicily, scoffing at stories of brigandism, and get taken by brigands; who ramble heedless outside the lines of camps; and bathe in shoal water where sharks are said to abound, and do other such deeds of blunt, bold skepticism.

The two friends went by the railway as far as they could go. Then a carriage met them, and they prepared for a journey which Spalding was given to understand would last a couple of days. The carriage had a pair of strong, sinewy horses. The driver and the postillion were both armed with pistols. Gerald Barrymore deposited pistols in the carriage holsters.

"I wish we were safe at home, Masther Gerald," observed the driver.

"So do I, Tim. How are things looking just now?"

"Terrible bad, Masther Gerald!"

"Thrue for you, boy!" growled the postillion, in assent.

"The whole side of the counthry is up, I'm tould," said the driver.

"More power to 'em," growled the postillion.

"What nonsense," laughed Laurence, and he turned to Barrymore. "Do you really believe such talk as this?"

"My dear Spalding, you don't know any thing of this country. I only hope you may not be compelled to learn by disagreeable experience."

Laurence shrugged his shoulders. His friend was evidently not amenable to reason on this subject, which Laurence had settled beforehand by process of intuition—the best possible way of dealing with difficult political and national questions.

They drove on for some hours, Spalding and Barrymore smoking and pleasantly chatting, although Barrymore was continually casting anxious glances on either side of the road, and every now and then examining his pistols. At last they came into a dark and gloomy defile, a narrow gorge almost as wild as an Alpine pass, and which seemed to stretch on for miles.

"If we were through this," said Barrymore, in a low tone, as if speaking to himself, "I think we should be safe for this day."

"Are there highway robbers about?" asked Spalding.

"Highway robbers here? Oh no!"

"What else, then?"

"The Fenians!" said Gerald, in a low and solemn voice.

Laurence threw himself back in the carriage and quietly laughed.

Just at that moment a shot was heard, and the driver pulled up the horses.

"Begorra, they're on us, sure enough!" he exclaimed.

"We're taken, Spalding," said Gerald, calmly.

Laurence craned his neck out and saw that a small body of men, armed with guns, were drawn across the road, and that two were at the horses' heads.

Before he could leap out of the carriage a dozen men were at the side of it. One had a sword. They wore a sort of uniform, and each had a green sash.

"Surrender, gentlemen!" said the swordsman, politely.

"Surrender to what?" demanded Gerald, fiercely.

"To the soldiers of the Irish Republic," was the reply. "Look at our flag." One of the men was indeed bearing a green flag.

Gerald's answer to the summons was the discharge of one of his pistols, which, however, was discharged in vain. Laurence fired the other, but it too failed of its object. Then both the young men leaped from the carriage and gallantly attacked the troops of the Irish Republic. Laurence hit out with good scientific arm, and knocked two Republican warriors over; but *ne Hercules contra duos*—what could two do against twenty? Our poor friends were very soon bound round the arms with stout cords, and rendered incapable of resistance.

The driver and postillion had from the beginning fraternized with the Fenians.

"You see, gentlemen," said the swordsman, "how useless was your resistance. If you had shot one of our men I probably could not have saved your lives."

"I suppose this means robbery," said Laurence. "If so, you may as well rifle our pockets at once."

"As you are an Englishman, and of course ignorant of Ireland," said the leader, calmly, "I excuse your insolent remarks. But you had better not let any of the men around hear you speak of them as robbers."

"Then, if you are not robbers and cut-throats, what the devil are you?"

"Fenians!"

"Fenians be—blessed!" observed our British hero.

"You had better, for your own sake, Sir, be silent. Get into the carriage."

Laurence and Gerald were promptly lifted in. The leader and another man got in likewise. The word to march was given, and the carriage went on. Laurence could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. He felt like a man in a dream—like the victim of a nightmare. He gazed at Gerald, who sat silent and sullen, bearing defeat ungraciously. As he turned round rather abruptly his elbow struck against something hard. It was only a revolver, which one of his guards was kindly holding toward his prisoner's breast as a little measure of precaution.

"In the name of the devil, Gerald," said Laurence, speaking now in French that his captors might not understand, "what is the meaning of all this? Is it a dream? Is it a practical joke, or a piece of mummery? Who are these *canaille?*"

"M. Barrymore has no difficulty in comprehending," said the man with the sword, in fluent French, and with excellent accent. "*He* understands his country, although he refuses to fight in her cause, and has degenerated so far from the patriotism of his ancestors as to show himself the enemy of her flag. M. Barrymore was offered a command only the other day, and he refused. He will have to answer now for his desertion."

Laurence looked at Gerald. "They did offer me a command," said Barrymore, coolly. "Of course I declined. I am a loyal man. Now I am in their power. Let them kill me if they choose—they are quite capable of it."

Again Laurence mentally asked himself, "Am I dreaming? Am I mad? Is this the year 1867? Was I reading the *Times* this morning?"

He gave up the whole conundrum in despair.

A dreary hour or two passed away, and Laurence actually fell fast asleep. He only woke when some of his captors were lifting him out of the carriage. He now found himself standing on the edge of a grassy lawn or field in front of a large and partly ruined castle. There were cannon at the gates of the castle and on the roof, and a green flag was flying. Near the castle was a whole mass of armed men. Laurence could see the gun-barrels glittering in the autumn sunset.

"Bring up the prisoners at onst," said a messenger who came down to meet the Fenian band and their captives.

"Is the Chief here?" asked the man with the sword.

"No; the Chief's across the river. He's to attack in the morning airly, I'm tould. But *she's* here—bedad the worse luck for some people, I'm thinking!" and he cast a glance at Laurence and Gerald.

"Gentlemen," said the man with the sword, "you are about to be brought before the Chief's daughter. In the absence of the Chief she commands. For your own sakes I earnestly recommend prudence."

Gerald shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. Laurence began to think the whole affair rather interesting. The two young men were led between armed ranks toward the crowd in front of the castle. As they came near the crowd divided, and a lady on horseback rode forward, then checked her horse, and with a commanding gesture indicated where the prisoners were to stand. She was a young woman, very handsome, with fair hair and a superb form, and she sat her horse like a queen. In all his bewilderment Laurence could observe her deep-blue, lustrous eyes, her clustering fair hair, her graceful gestures, her full, noble bust. She wore a green riding-habit, and a cavalier hat with a green feather. She had pistols in her belt, and a sword hung at her side.

"Am I assisting at a scene in the Opera Comique?" Laurence asked of himself. The ropes which bound the prisoners were removed, and the first use Laurence made of his freedom was to take off his hat and bow to the beautiful Amazon. She acknowledged his salute with grace and dignity.

"You are the Englishman?" she asked.

"I am an Englishman, certainly. May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"All that it concerns you to know, Sir, is, that I am at present in command of this castle and these Fenian soldiers. My name your countrymen may know some day."

"Pray excuse me," said Laurence, "if I ask you one question. Do you really mean to tell me, Madame, that these fellows are Fenians—that there is a Fenian army?"

"Your ignorance, Sir—the blind, perverse ignorance of your countrymen—may perhaps be allowed to excuse your question, but I have no time to answer such folly. Look around you if you would learn. Now, we have something else to do. Gerald Barrymore!"

Her loud, clear tone rang like a trumpet-call. Barrymore stood forward silently, and bent his head.

"Gerald Barrymore, you have openly declared yourself a traitor to the cause of your country. You have refused to join us; you have done all you could to betray us to the enemy; to-day you actually dared to fire upon our flag. What have you to say why you should not die a traitor's death?"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Laurence; "can this be serious?"

"I have nothing to say," replied Gerald, calmly, "except that I am no traitor to my country, but a true patriot. I care little to say even this to you. I know I can expect no mercy, and I don't ask any. Do your worst."

"Gerald Barrymore, I need not tell you that I would spare you if I could; that I have tried to win you to the true cause you know only too well. But the time has come when we can no longer hold any terms with traitors. This Englishman is only a foreign enemy—you are a renegade, a deserter, a traitor; and your doom is death!"

"Heavens, what a fury!" thought Laurence. Then he thrust his friend aside, and broke out into a regular oration addressed to the Amazon. It was a piece of impassioned declamation blended with high forensic argument. Never had Laurence before known how eloquent he was, and how he had mastered all the principles of constitutional, international, and martial law. He was Erskine, Choate, Webster, and Jules Favre, all in one. Utterly forgetting his principles and his nationality in the cause of his friend and client, the devoted advocate actually besought the Judge-Amazon not to sully the noble flag she had raised, not to bring dishonor on the great cause she represented, by violating the fundamental principles of honorable warfare. He thought he saw a softening expression on her features—nay, she actually did for a moment cover her mouth with her handkerchief, to hide her emotions no doubt—but she controlled herself and said, with some severity in her tone:

"In your zeal for your friend, Sir, you forget yourself. You forget that *we* have no cause, no flag, no battle-field, no principles—nay, that there is no Fenianism, and that there are no Fenians!"

"The court is against me," thought poor Laurence, sadly; and abandoning the high ground of argument he was about to move simply in arrest of judgment, when the Fenian Chieftainess cut him short:

"Spare your eloquence, Sir. We have little time here for the making of speeches. Gerald Barrymore, you have until sunrise to-morrow morning to decide your fate. If then you join our ranks and pledge your word of honor to serve us faithfully, you shall live. If not, you shall be shot at once as a traitor."

"On my word, Gerald," exclaimed Laurence, "I do think you had better join these people. After all you are an Irishman, you know; and I suppose it is somehow or other your national cause."

"The Englishman," said the lady, with a sweet smile, "is an honorable enemy, and teaches a recreant Irishman his duty. Remove the prisoner! Mr. Spalding—that I think is your name?—you will do me the honor of dining with me. In my father's absence I am host and commandant."

"Much honored, I am sure," faltered Laurence; "but my poor friend Barrymore! How can I leave him?"

"My invitation, Mr. Spalding, is a command! We dine at seven."

She bowed, one of his captors touched him on the arm and led him away. He was conducted to a small room in the castle; he passed armed men every where; at seven o'clock an armed escort came for him, and led him into a large dining-hall well set out and lighted. He was placed at the right hand of the hostess, who looked unspeakably lovely in her complete evening *toilette*. A large number of retainers, a few of whom were the hostess's women attendants, dined at the table. Laurence drank liberally of Champagne, and grew into a condition of wonder and ecstasy such as he had not believed it possible this later age could bring to mortal. His hostess was fascinating, bewitching. Nothing could surpass her brilliancy and beauty—not even her condescending, encouraging, almost tender friendliness. Laurence's susceptible soul was melting under her sunny influence. A harper played during the dinner some delicious plaintive Irish airs, and sang Irish words to them. Laurence knew nothing of music, and did not understand a word, but he demanded an *encore* enthusiastically.

The lady talked with him frankly and fervently of Fenianism, its strength and its hopes. She expressed utter amazement at the ignorance that prevailed on the subject in England.

"I declare to you," said Laurence, "if I were to go back to-morrow and tell people in London what I have actually seen here—seen with my own eyes—they would not believe me!"

"Extraordinary and infatuated people!" said the lady. "You shall return, Mr. Spalding, and endeavor to enlighten England. You shall go to-morrow if you will, if you are anxious to go. I will not detain you."

And he thought he heard a faint sigh; and her eyes rested for a moment on his. Alas, by this time the thought of returning was hateful to Laurence's soul.

"Not to-morrow—oh, not to-morrow!" he pleaded. "In fact, you know, in order to do any good in England, I ought to see a little more of the strength of your movement. I had better wait—much better."

"To-morrow," said the lady, with another half-sigh, "we hope for a decisive engagement. Should my father drive the enemy from the field we push forward; should he fail, we defend this castle until each man and woman in it perishes amidst the ruins!"

Laurence started. This exquisite creature to die, and by the weapons of his countrymen! He began to think whether it would be utterly disgraceful for an Englishman to adopt the cause of Ireland. After all, did not the Geraldines do this; and who could be finer fellows than the Geraldines? Why, confound it all! what was Silken Thomas, of whom he had heard his friend Barrymore speak in moments of exaltation? And, by-the-way, there was Barrymore, whose awful situation he had almost forgotten; of course, if he joined the Fenian ranks Barrymore would do the same, and his life would be saved! The only disagreeable thing would be that perhaps Barrymore might become too agreeable to the Chieftainess! There certainly was a tender tone in her voice that day as she addressed poor Barrymore, even while she was pronouncing his death-sentence.

"No, Mr. Spalding," said the lady, gracefully rising from her seat, and looking at our hero with eyes of soft and melancholy expression. "You are a brave and generous enemy, and I can not allow you to peril your life for no purpose in our dangers. Return to England—the life of your friend Barrymore shall be spared for your sake—return, and report us and our cause aright to the unsatisfied! You are free—you shall be safely escorted to the English camp. If we triumph, you and I may meet again; if we fail, remember me sometimes as a friend. Leave us, and farewell!"

"Never!" exclaimed Laurence, passionately. "I will stay by you—fight for you! I renounce every thing for you! I am a Fenian for your sake; I will die for you, but I will not leave you!"

She took, without speaking, a green ribbon from her corset, and passed it through his button-hole. At the same time she made a signal to one of her attendants. Laurence pressed the ribbon to his heart, then clasped her hand, bent over it, and touched it with his lips.

A peal of laughter rent the air, and Laurence, looking up amazed and angry, saw Gerald Barrymore and several men whom he had met in Dublin standing around, and holding their sides in mirth as they pointed to poor Spalding and his green order of Fenianism.

"Three cheers," cried Barrymore, "for the Fenian Volunteer!" and oh, how uproariously echoed the wild response to the invitation!

The Fenian Chieftainess had fled, leaving the echo of a silvery peal of merry laughter behind her!

Poor Laurence Spalding! Cruel, cruel Grace Barrymore! Treacherous friend, Gerald Barrymore! The whole affair from beginning to end was a wicked practical joke to punish Laurence Spalding for his saucy sneer at Irish insurrection and the reality of Fenianism. The armed Fenians were the Barrymore tenantry and servants; the man with the sword who spoke French was a Barrymore cousin, and the Fenian Amazon was, of course, the charming Grace herself!

Only fancy Laurence's feelings as he came down to breakfast next morning and met the laughing eyes of his hostess. But he had taken heart of grace; he had risen to the height of the situation, and he appeared in the breakfast-room with the green ribbon adorning his button-hole.

He spent a few delightful weeks with the Barrymores, and was well repaid with hospitality and friendliness for his droll humiliation. And the upshot of the whole affair is that he has turned the tables, that he has made a captive of his fair captor, and that she is to be Mrs. Laurence Spalding; and he vows that all his life through he will be proud of his wearing of the Green.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

UNTIL recently the French Custom-house has prevented any foreign vessel from going up the Seine further than Rouen; but lately, under the pressure of liberal ideas and free-trade principles, it has removed every impediment, and thrown open the port of Paris to the English ships, provided, of course, they draw the amount of water required by the navigation of the Seine. At the last accounts the first English ship that has ever entered Paris was moored at the Quai St. Nicholas, opposite the Tuileries. She is a sailing barge, sixty tons register, called the *Garibaldi*. Of course the English colors attract crowds of Parisian and English visitors.

Some weeks ago the Czar of Russia was crossing a bridge in an open carriage with his son when the horses took fright, and, dashing across the foot-path, were only prevented by the parapet from falling into the river. The shock, however, was so great that the Emperor has not yet recovered from it. Indeed, so serious is his indisposition that his medical attendants are anxious in regard to the results.

A novel method of "fighting fire" was practiced at the recent great fire at Hunter's Point. Thousands of gallons of burning oil were spread over the surface of the water endangering a new bridge. There seemed to be no chance of saving it as the tide was setting in, although a multitude of people were on the banks witnessing the spectacle. By chance a by-stander threw a stone into the flaming sheet, by which the burning surface was broken and a clear space made of two or three yards. Instantly the idea was seized by hundreds, lines were formed to a brick-yard, and several thousand bricks were thrown into the water, which checked and soon entirely extinguished the flames.

Tennyson is said to have a printing-press of his own at home, and to compose with his hands as well as with his head. His copy comes to the publisher in type.

An interesting report has just been submitted to the Pennsylvania branch of the American Freedmen's Union Commission, indicating the progress of the work. Last year there were 59 teachers under the supervision of this Commission; but the freedmen contributed little or nothing toward the support of the schools. This year there have been 152 teachers in the field, and the freed-people contribute largely, and thoroughly appreciate the advantages which are given to them. They are willing to work that their children may be educated.

By a recent act of the Legislature, several wealthy and public-spirited business men of New York have been made Trustees of a corporate body, to be known as the "American Museum of Natural History." This society is organized for the purpose of establishing in this city a Museum of Natural History, to encourage the study of natural science, and kindred subjects, and to furnish popular instruction and recreation. Nearly $50,000 have already been subscribed toward this enterprise, and the Central Park Commissioners have generously offered the use of the fine hall in the Arsenal Building as a place where the collections may be deposited, and exhibited to the public until the erection of a special museum edifice.

On the day when Victor Hugo's "L'Homme que Rit" was published in Paris, no less than eighteen translations of it appeared in various parts of the world. The translation for America had previously appeared.

A bird's nest was recently found in West Brookfield, Massachusetts, which was duly protected by a one-cent revenue stamp properly canceled, and thoroughly attached to the nest by the builder.

A writer in the *Springfield Republican*, describing the ceremonies of Decoration Day at Mount Auburn Cemetery, remarks that the most touching spot in the Cemetery, to those who knew the story of it, was that where Dr. Lowell and his grandchildren are buried. It is a small plateau, from one side of which spring a few sturdy and graceful trees; and it had the sad distinction of three flags marking the graves of General Charles Russell Lowell, Captain James Jackson Lowell, and their cousin, Lieutenant William Lowell Putnam, all grandsons of Dr. Charles Lowell, and nephews of the poet, and all of whom were killed in battle. They were young men of great promise, and had distinguished themselves as officers. Long before the processions arrived the three graves were covered with flowers of purest white, to which the soldiers added their variegated offerings.

The secret spies employed by Napoleon III. infest every street corner in Paris. A stranger will not suspect, but a shrewd Frenchman readily detects a *mouchard* in the respectable-looking man who is seated quietly in a café, or sauntering through the streets. The secret police in Paris is divided into three different corps; the *police de suretè*, or bona fide detectives, who track criminals against laws made for the safety of the community; the police who superintend the bureaus of health; and the political spies. To the first corps, which is very large, comprising professionals of marvelous acuteness, is added a body of 165 civilians, mostly ex-non-commissioned officers of the army, who form a species of body-guard to the Emperor. When the Emperor goes out on foot incognito, close behind him lurks one of the *police de suretè;* and when he rides out the chief of this corps always follows him, in an unostentatious carriage. The *police de santè* comprise about one hundred special officers, who use their authority to prevent immorality from becoming too obtrusive, though their own morals are none of the best. The political police in Paris consists of five hundred and forty agents, from all countries and of both sexes. Many of them are Corsicans, who develop a remarkable talent for intriguing in politics.

A Parisian satirist comes into competition with Victor Hugo by publishing "L'homme, qui baille"—the man who yawns!

The Century Plant, or Striped-Leaved American Aloe, now about to flower at the Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, New York, is about seventy years old. It was purchased by the late Hon. John Greig, of Canandaigua, New York, in the year 1809, from Princes' Garden, Flushing, Long Island, and at that time was supposed to be nine or ten years old. Owing to its large size, and being so unwieldy, it was sent to Rochester, and placed in Frost & Co.'s green-house, about the year 1856, and has been in their possession ever since. On the 25th April last indications of its flowering were first observed, and the flower-stem has since grown nearly three inches a day, on the average. The whole number of leaves on the plant is thirty; each leaf is six feet six inches in length; the entire circumference of the plant is thirty feet. The roof of the green-house has been raised thirty feet, to allow of the excessive growth of this majestic plant; and for the accommodation of visitors a platform has been erected, from which a better view of the flowers can be obtained when in perfection.

In 1528, De Vaca set out to cross the Continent, and spent eight years and endured great hardships in reaching the Pacific. In 1758, Jonathan Carver attempted the passage farther north, but failed. He, however, predicted that a route would be made some time, and that it would be a great success. Almost a hundred years afterward, one of Carver's descendants made every effort to arouse the public to be interested in a Pacific railroad, and all in vain. But the wild dream of 1847 is realized in 1869. Now the traveler can make the trip from New York to San Francisco in about a week. At present the fare for the entire distance is nearly two hundred dollars, but it is believed that in the course of a year it will be reduced at least one quarter.

The smallest steam-engine in the world is now in the possession of John Penn, of Greenwich, England—the eminent maker of *great* engines. It will stand on a threepenny-piece; it really covers less space, for its base-plate measures only 3-8th of an inch by about 3-10th. From the extreme smallness of this model a few minutiæ—such, for instance, as the air-pumps—have necessarily been omitted. Still, so small are some of the parts that they require a powerful magnifying-glass to see their form. The screws are only 1-80th of an inch diameter, and these are all duly furnished with hexagonal nuts, which can be loosened and tightened by a Lilliputian spanner. The whole weight of the model is less than a threepenny-piece. It works admirably, and when working its crank-shaft performs from twenty to thirty thousand revolutions in a minute.

One of the latest sensational stories brings in a cat as chief actor. An old lady in this city had long cherished a favorite cat, which reciprocated the affection shown her in many ways. The two grew old together, and when a lingering illness attacked the old lady, puss watched by her bedside with all the assiduity of a well-trained nurse. But the old lady died. During the funeral services, while the coffin was being removed from the house to the hearse, mysterious sounds were heard within it. Exercises were suspended, and the coffin-lid opened, but the countenance of the dead was undisturbed. The entire top of the coffin was then removed, when, lying at the feet of the corpse, was discovered the dead body of the poor old cat. She had crawled under the coffin-lid the previous night, and the noise which alarmed the pall-bearers was her death-struggle. She had smothered in her close quarters.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN old bachelor says:

"Domestic love may be very sweet, but when I look at my brother's family it strikes me that it is also very dear.

"The complexion of a girl of the period differs from a railway season ticket—the one is, and the other is not, transferable.

"Mistrust the woman who, when a glass of wine is spilt over her dress, smiles, and says it doesn't matter.

"Curious how this life resembles billiards—kisses and misses are generally found near together!

"A cramped waist generally betokens brains in a similar condition.

"When I look upon a party of young people I console myself with the thought that, after all, my skull is as good-looking as any of theirs, and that's what it must resolve itself in at last!"

"Where did you get that turkey?" said a colonel to one of his amiable recruits, who came into camp the other day with a fine bird. "Stole it," was the laconic reply. "Ah!" said the colonel, triumphantly, to a by-stander, "you see my boys may steal, but they won't lie."

THE CHIGNON.

Horrid stories now are going
Touching lovely woman's tresses;
And, ah me! it's worth the knowing
What it is that one caresses.

After such like revelation,
Think me not fastidious grown,
If I ask with trepidation,
Darling, are those locks your own?

AN EGG STORY.

"I do assure you it's a fact. You know how fond my brother is of eggs? Well, he was driving me once in a phaeton to some country place, and we stopped at a little public house on the way to lunch. Ben said he believed he would lunch on hard-boiled eggs, if they had enough; and he sat by the window eating them, and throwing the shells out of the window. At last I got tired of waiting, and said:

"'My dear Ben, are you going to sit there all day calling for more eggs? Do let's go.'

"And when we got into our conveyance, as he turned it around, he drove one wheel over the pile of egg-shells, and it was so high, my dear, that we were actually upset!"

A MODEL WILL.—The following is a copy of a will left by a man who chose to be his own lawyer: "This is the last will and testament of me, John Thomas. I give all my things to my relations, to be divided among them the best way they can. N.B.—If any body kicks up a row, or makes any fuss about it, he isn't to have any thing. Signed by me,

"JOHN THOMAS."

WHO WOULDN'T BE MARRIED?

There exists not a shadow of doubt in my mind
That my wife is the very best wife I can find;
For she's clever, good-looking, industrious, neat,
With the daintiest hands and the tiniest feet.

But perfect to be—is to be superhuman;
And my wife you must know is no more than a woman;
She's kind-hearted, loving, painstaking, and zealous,
But then the dear creature's intol'rably jealous.

If I happen to glance at the cook's rosy face,
At the end of her week cook is out of a place;
If I think the nurse-girl has a voice rather sweet,
She is thrust, bag and baggage, right into the street.

And their place is supplied by the ugliest creatures,
With the harshest of voices and hardest of features—
So misshapen in limb and so hideous in hue,
They are surpassed by none and are equaled by few.

The nurse-girl's a fright of the very first water;
The house-maid, I'll swear, is the devil's own daughter,
And 'tis perfectly true, though it sounds hyperbolic,
I can't look at the cook without getting the colic.

We have visitors few, and their calls far between,
Save sundry old spinsters, tough, scraggy, and lean;
And some ghastly grim widows, whose faces of stone
Were the death of their lords, if the truth were but known.

If I thought 'twould conduce to my wife's peace of mind,
I would fervently pray to become deaf and blind;
For as long as I'm able to hear and can see,
There's no peace for my wife and no comfort for me.

An old farmer in Ohio, having read that the State Penitentiary cleared seven thousand dollars during the last year by the labor of the convicts, sat some time in deep thought, and then exclaimed: "I think we'd better turn our Legislatur into a penitentiary, by jingo!"

A student at the Cornell University, in rendering an account to his father of his last term's expenses, entered as an item, "Charity, $30." His father wrote back, "I fear that charity covers a multitude of sins."

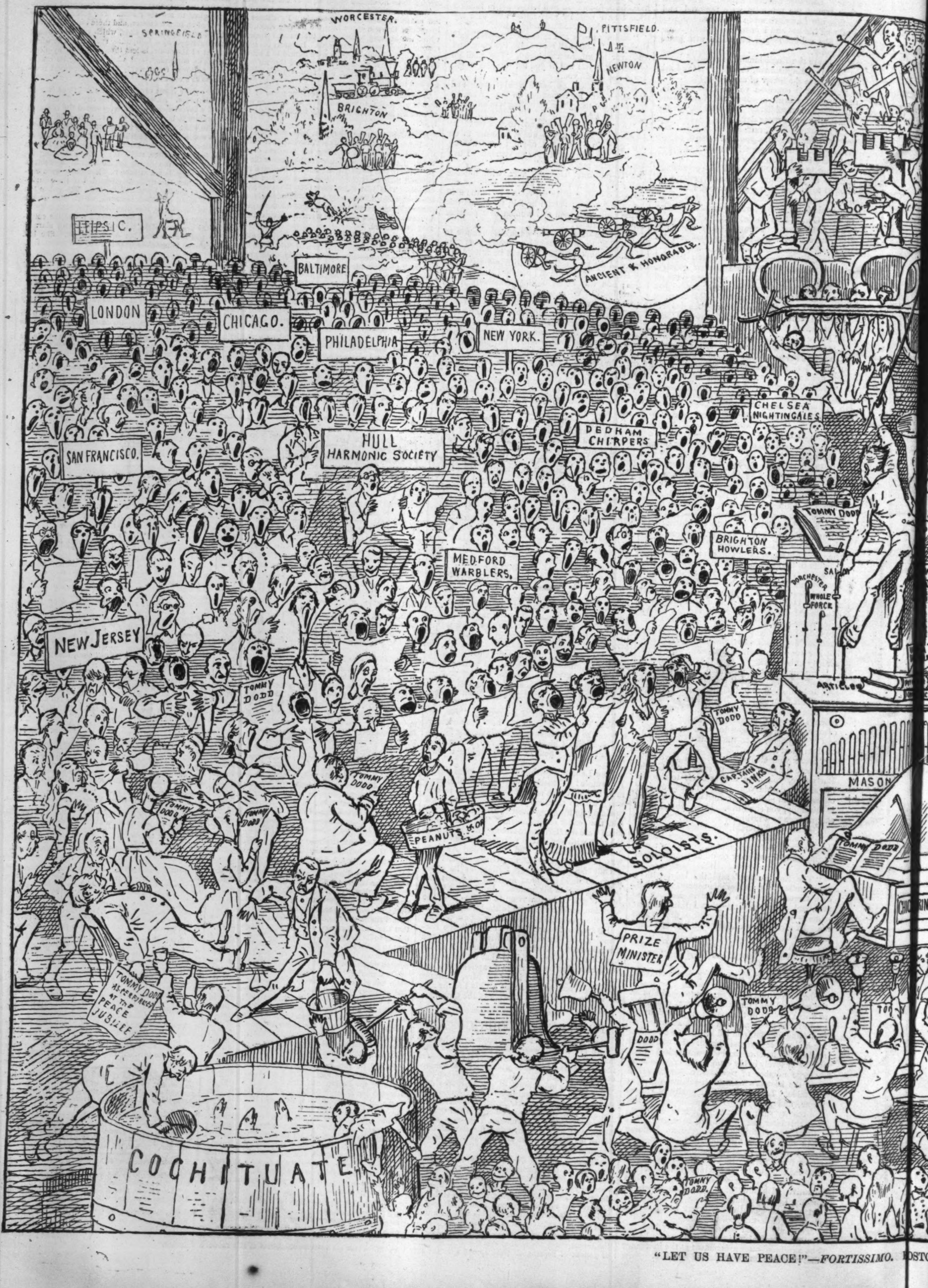
A young lady at Troy, while engaged in conversation with a gentleman a few days since, spoke of having resided in St. Louis. "Was St. Louis your native place?" inquired the gentleman. "Well, yes—part of the time," responded the lady.

PASSING THE TIME—Going by a clock.

"Prisoner, why did you follow this man, and beat and kick him so shamefully?"

"I am sorry, your Honor; I was a little drunk, and I thought it was my wife."

The other day a little girl presented a letter at the post-office. There being no stamp on it, the postmaster inquired whether she had not brought three cents. "No," she replied, "father has put the stamp inside."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PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK.
CHELSEA NIGHTINGALES
DEDHAM CHIRPERS
HULL HARMONIC SOCIETY
SAN FRANCISCO.
TOMMY DODD
BRIGHTON HOWLERS.
MEDFORD WARBLERS.
NEW JERSEY
DORCHESTER WHOLE FORCE
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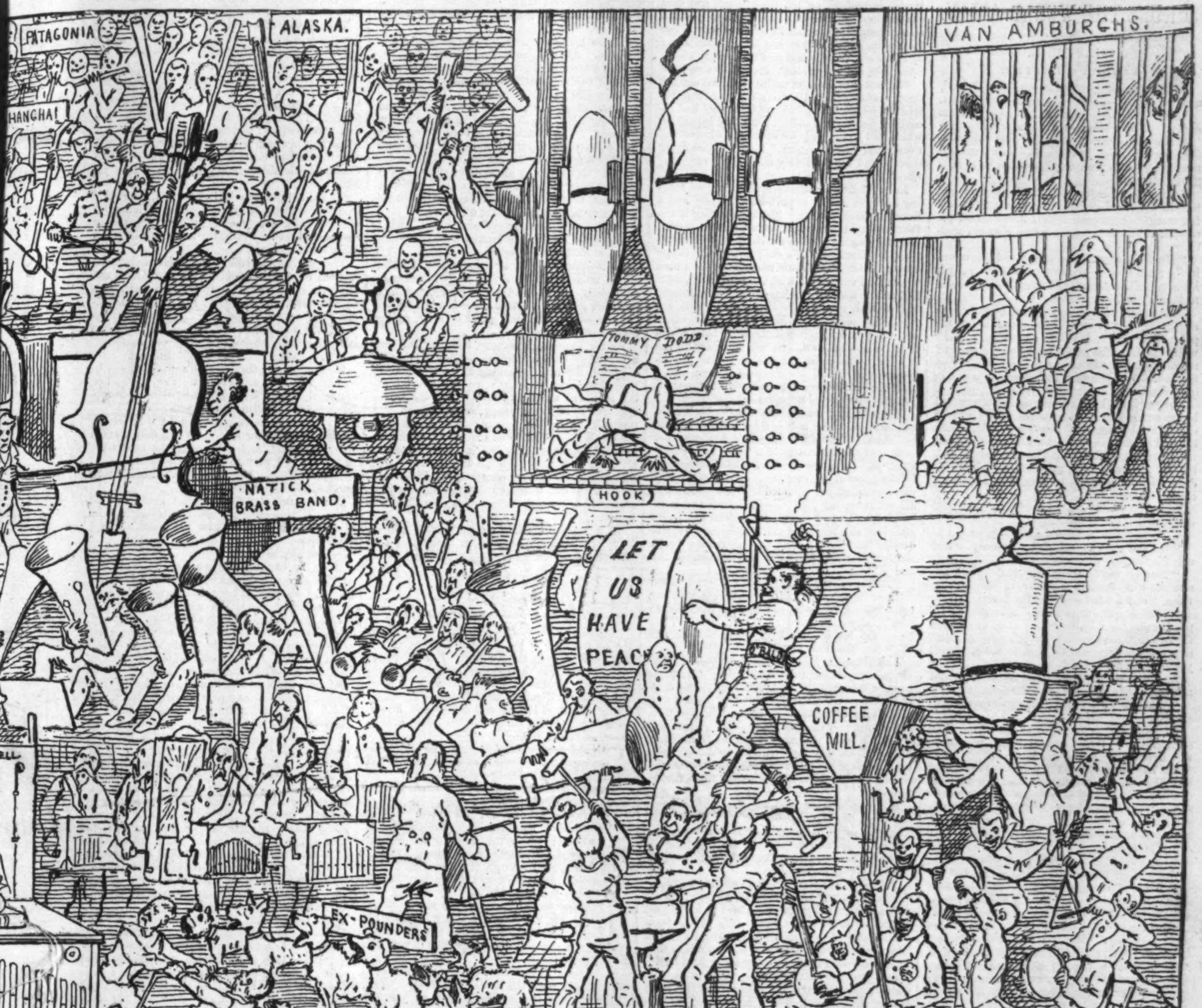
"LET US HAVE PEACE!"—*FORTISSIMO.* BOSTO


PATAGONIA
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TOMMY DODD
NATICK BRASS BAND.
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WELL
EX-POUNDERS
MLIN
CHARLES RIVER SANGERBUND
MORRIS BROTHERS.
RING
TOMMY DODD
CHICKER
TOMMY DODD
PUBLIC SCHOOLS.
TOMMY DODD
C. G. Bush, 1869.

OSTON, JUNE, 1869.—[DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.]

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER X.

AZALEA'S LETTER.

"I SAY, there's a letter for you," said Conrad, nudging Azalea, to call her attention to the fact.

"Oh," she cried, eagerly, "it *must* be from daddy! Where is it?—oh, where is it?"

It was just before the breakfast-hour: the children were gathered in the school-room, and the morning letters were lying in a salver near Miss Slater's hand.

Azalea opened hers with trembling fingers, and face in a glow of delight; but at the sight of a few straggling, crooked letters inscribed on the summit of the first page her face changed woefully:

"Master Moore wos tuck very bad this mornin'." Such was the postscript old Betty had got her son, a "fine scholard," aged twelve, to add to Moore's letter to Azalea.

Poor Azalea read the rest of the letter through a blinding mist of tears. She quite missed the point of the delicately hinted temptation of puffy white rabbits. She remembered, with a pang of remorse, that it was a long time since the irregular verbs had assumed any shape or order in her mind.

"If you intend to have any breakfast you had better commence at once, as the things will be cleared away presently," Miss Slater said, harshly; and Azalea gulped down her tea, and dropped tears on to hastily-consumed lumps of bread-and-butter; for the severest grief can not wholly do away with the instincts of hunger in a growing child.

When breakfast was finished, she arose and confronted Miss Slater.

"If you please, ma'am, I want to go home."

"Do you?" was the dry response; "and why?"

"Because my father is very ill," Azalea answered, with unusual humility in her shaking voice, "and I want to go to him directly."

"That is quite impossible," Miss Slater replied, calmly. "Lord Orme has gone to town for two or three days, and until I receive his instructions it is impossible that I should permit you to leave the house."

Azalea stood thoughtful and silent for a few minutes; then she walked to the door.

"Where are you going?" the governess cried, sharply.

"I am going to get ready to start," the child said, gravely. "I am going home to my father, who is very ill. I *must* go, and I *will!*"

She left the room as she spoke. Miss Slater was silenced, and somewhat taken aback by the child's grave decision of manner. Conrad whistled. "Go it, ye cripples! Tally-ho the grinder! how ye pippins swim!" was his triumphant but mysterious mode of expressing his delight.

But Miss Slater was a woman prompt to determine, and quick to execute; and when Azalea, having put on Topaz's collar and chain, and her own hat and cloak, essayed to leave her bedroom, she found that the door was locked from the outside. She felt sick with anger and distress as the conviction that she had been trapped flashed on her. She beat the door with her hands and feet, and cried aloud in the hope of attracting some friendly assistance. Conrad, who was her sole auditor, explained to her in a gruff whisper that "Slater had got the key in her pocket."

He evidently did not feel equal to extracting it from that sacred refuge; but he was not unmoved by the vehement distress of his playmate. After a little deliberation the oracle spoke:

"It's no use trying the poker, it's grown thin from taking out grease-spots on the carpet. You must wait until the afternoon, and when Slater is out walking I'll bring the kitchen poker, which is a whopper."

Conrad apparently thought he had sacrificed enough to friendship.

"It's no use my loafing about here," he continued. "If Slater nabs me there'll be a row; and I don't want to quarrel with her to-day, for there's plum-pudding for lunch, and she'll spite me in my help. You keep quiet until I come back." Saying which, the heir of Orme whistled himself off, and Azalea was left to her own resources.

"I should like to kill her!" she said, with morose emphasis, her thoughts reverting to Miss Slater. "I should like to blacken her fishy blue eyes, and pull her long, thin nose;" which aspirations, if not heroic, were perhaps natural.

Seized by a sudden inspiration, she walked to the window and looked out. To her surprise she found that she overlooked the balcony of flowers that belonged to the next-door house, the fact being that both houses had formerly belonged to one owner, who had made communicating doors on the upper floor for the accommodation of a large nursery of children; and when Lord Orme rented his house he succeeded in persuading his fair neighbor, Lady Diana Merton, to allow him to retain, at a costly rent, the upper suit of rooms which belonged properly to herself.

The balcony was at a distance of about ten feet from Azalea's window, and she imagined that she would have but little difficulty in climbing over the iron partition that marked the line of separation between the balconies, if she could only succeed in getting down to their level.

She decided to risk it, and by way of preliminary commenced tying Topaz to her breast, swathing him in her old thin shawl, which, fortunately, had been left in her bedroom. Topaz struggled desperately in angry rebellion at this invasion of his rights of locomotion, but his mistress was firm, and as soon as she secured him she crawled on to the ledge, and let herself drop her full length on the other side. For one brief, agonized instant she thought she would give worlds to be back on the window-sill, and then she fell into the middle of some heliotropes and scarlet geraniums, and in a moment was on her feet again, a little shaken and bruised, but happy in Topaz's safety (he had given one angry astonished yelp, but was not hurt) and her own success.

She was over the iron railings and through the open window of Lord Orme's drawing-room before the owner of the balcony of flowers had recovered her surprise at the unexpected apparition which had so suddenly darkened the window and overturned the flower-pots. Azalea in her flying descent had unconsciously disturbed a very cozy *tête-à-tête*.

Lady Diana was sitting by her window, looking lovely in a flow of pure-hued drapery and a flutter of fresh ribbons. She was reveling in the faint sweet odors the wind blew against her face, and enjoying the balm of the sunshine with somewhat the expression of a cat purring with sleepy content. On a low chair near to her sat a man whose face was bright with the beauty of youth, and tender with its passion—a man who seemed to have little to say to the woman by his side, but who expressed volumes in the look with which he bent over and caressed the little hand which drooped near his own. He was lowering his lips in close proximity to the fingers he had imprisoned, when he and his companion were awoke from the soft torpor of that pleasant moment by Azalea's unexpected appearance.

The gentleman started, swore under his breath, and blushed. The lady started a little, but did not blush. Nevertheless she quietly slipped her hand into the intricacies of a piece of crochet-work, and for a few minutes knitted diligently. Finding that no further invasion of her privacy was attempted, she resumed her old attitude, and did not rouse her companion from the trance of happiness in which her touch and look enthralled him until she heard the clock strike one. Then, despite his pleading eyes and restraining hand, she rang a small hand-bell and summoned her maid.

"Annette," she said, "please to send round to Lord Orme's, and ask the governess, with my compliments, not to let any more of the children tumble down in front of my window. Then bring my lunch. And oh, Annette, you can show Mr. Mowbray out."

Lady Diana enjoyed her luncheon to-day. The chops were tender, the pastry light. "It melts in your mouth," she said, referring to the crust of the tart. Then she thought of her visitor, with a pleasant expression of content in her face. "Boys are very nice and ingenuous," she mused; "but oh, what a time they stay! If he could have had his way every thing would have been cold. I dare say the stupid fellow never thought of my lunch. Men are so selfish when they're in love!"

She sipped some iced Moselle, and enjoyed the fresh tingling sensation it gave to her lips. Then she dived her round fingers into dewy clusters of grapes, and ate them with sleepy appreciation of their merits. Presently her thoughts again reverted to her lover.

"There's a bloom about them at that age" (a stranger would have imagined that she referred to the dun-coated grape she poised on her finger) "which you never see afterward. Their tears are so hot; their smiles are so gay; they flush and tremble; they hope and fear; in fact, they love at one-and-twenty as they never love again. After that age the poetry is gone from their hearts; all the sweet confusion is swept away like a silver web before a house-maid's rough broom. I much prefer them young—but then Lord Orme has thirty thousand a year."

She sighed a little, and then went up stairs again to the drawing-room. She sat down on an easy-chair, and, taking up a large book, began to search through its index.

"Here it is. 'Mowbray of Auriel, born 17—.' Let me see. That makes him about sixty-five. He may last twenty years longer. 'Only son and heir Thurstan Mowbray, born 18—; residence, Auriel Court, Essex,' etc. So Thurstan is just twenty-four. What a pity he isn't worth taking! Now for the Peerage. 'Baron Orme is of Orme House, Sussex; of 160 Grosvenor Square; of Kewford, in ——shire; and Shellston, in D——shire,' etc. That's more satisfactory, excepting that the son and heir is already provided."

She put down the book, and as she did so a page fluttered back, and she caught sight of her own name. A cloud passed over her face as she recognized the familiar entry: "Merton, the Hon. Steuart, born 18—, second son of the late Lord Carlton; married the Lady Diana Tartan, only daughter of the late Earl of Plaidshire. Mr. Merton was lost in the wreck of the *Sea Snake*, in his passage from Calcutta to England." "We had only been married a year," Lady Diana was wont to say, with a heavy sigh, whenever she wanted to make capital of this affliction of the past. "He was going to England to see his father, who was very ill. I heard at the same time of the death of my poor father-in-law and my dear husband." A few lines were written in ink under the formal record of Steuart Merton's birth and death, saying that the deceased was only thirty years of age at the time of the disastrous wreck of the *Sea Snake;* that he had been seen exerting himself to the utmost to secure the lives of others, but when urged to save himself he had sternly declined to take any steps to do so, "which was the more extraordinary as he left a young and beautiful bride inconsolable for his loss."

These were the lines at which Lady Diana's brow clouded as her eye fell on them accidentally.

"It *was* very strange," she murmured; "I never understood it." A little guilty pang sometimes thrilled her heart when she remembered a certain flirtation she was indulging in at the time of her husband's death; but she consoled herself with the reflection that, "as he never knew it, it couldn't hurt his feelings." That was fifteen years ago.

"If he had lived he would have been forty-five now. Ah, well, perhaps it is better as it is. He was a stern man even under the softening of the first twelve months of matrimony. I dare say he would have led me a life. There can be no doubt about it, I suppose," she continued, as she flung down the book and lounged back in the sofa. "He would have been sure, quite sure, to have put in an appearance or have been heard of before now—fifteen years—of course it's certain. It's only the pleasant people who stay away so long. Milliners' bills, country cousins, insolvent brothers, and disagreeable husbands are not to be so easily got rid of."

"Nor boy lovers either," she added, with a smile, as the sight of the broken flowers brought back her visitor to her mind.

"I wonder what he is doing now; thinking of me, no doubt." So saying Lady Diana curled herself round comfortably on the sofa and fixed her gaze on a buzzing blue-bottle until the fly seemed the whirring ghost of a fly, as her eyes closed in sleep.

As for Thurstan Mowbray, he was sitting on a mound of shingle, the sun beating fiercely on his head, the foam splashing to his feet, and he was whispering his heart's secret to the incoming tide, and wondering how it was the waves appeared to be so exultantly, so madly glad, and the wind so ineffably sweet; how it was that the elements seemed filled with dim, mysterious hints of happiness. In one instant he drew in all earth's gladness with his breath, and swore that life and love were immortality; in another he pined to die, to sob out his last sigh on that hand whose remembered caress still thrilled his breast.

In a word, he was four-and-twenty, and in love for the first time, and so thought of any thing but his luncheon.

CHAPTER XI.

THY PEOPLE SHALL BE MY PEOPLE.

AZALEA was fortunate enough to find Conrad the only tenant of the drawing-room when she entered it through the window. His nerves received a shock at the unexpectedness of her appearance. He was stroking his nose with a ruler, and hit himself rather severely in his agitation. Then, with tears of pain and enthusiasm, he solemnly pronounced her to be "a brick, a first-rater, and no mistake."

"I've often thought of doing it," he said, looking enviously at the scene of the exploit, "but was afraid of the rubbing coming down."

When his excitement had subsided, Azalea found him a most useful ally.

"Have you got any tin?" he asked.

"Any *what?*" said Azalea, mystified.

"Any tin; that's the English for money. Dear me, you *are* a muff in some things, Azalea."

He lent her a sovereign of his own money on the condition that she would return it to him in a post-office order as soon as she got home.

"Perhaps you had better give me some acknowledgment, though," he added, looking at her suspiciously as she put the money in her pocket, "in case any thing happened to you, you know."

So Azalea Moore avowed, on the leaf of a copy-book, that she owed the Hon. Conrad Orme the sum of one pound, to be payable two days after date.

"If you were to play any tricks, now, I should quod you," he said, darkly. He examined *Bradshaw*, and told her what trains she was to catch. "I'll see you off from the station myself," he said, "and take your ticket for you."

Azalea thanked him gratefully.

"I shall never forget it," she murmured, with emotion.

"All serene," was his indifferent response, and then they started for the station. On arriving Conrad ordered the railway officials about in the most lordly manner, and as he was very well known from his frequent expeditions on the line, in company with his father, he was treated with respect and attention.

He gave Azalea directions what to do when she got to London, and one of the guards promised to see the little girl ("who was going home to see her sick governor," Conrad explained) safe into a cab, and to dispatch her to the other terminus.

"How can I thank you enough, Conrad?" the girl said, gratefully.

Conrad winked.

"Send me a dozen woodpeckers' eggs," he whispered. "They're thought no end of at school; they're awfully difficult to find down here, and the boys funk putting their hands in the cherry-trees, 'cause of snakes."

When Lord Orme heard of Azalea's flight he was immeasurably hurt and mortified. True, he had several times condemned his own folly for bringing her to an atmosphere so uncongenial to her nature and education; he had wavered between the secret love he felt toward her and his sensibility of the awkwardness of the position in which her presence involved him; he had devised a hundred schemes for placing her in such circumstances that her happiness might excuse his cowardice; he would dower her handsomely, although money was not more plentiful with him than it is with many other reputed possessors of thirty thousand a year; he would see that she married well; he would, in short, do any thing but what was right: it is not so easy to do right when the proceeding necessitates the confession of a long course of wrong.

As Lord Orme speeded down to Auriel to ascertain her safety and see how matters stood he felt himself strangely drawn toward Azalea. He felt more like going home as he got nearer this neglected child than he ever did when about to re-enter his own luxurious house.

The memory of a tender voice and ever-loving face made a welcome for him in Azalea's greeting of which she was totally unconscious; indeed, her heart sank with something like a qualm of fear when she heard the wheels of Lord Orme's carriage drive up to the house; but she put aside her own emotions to soothe those of her foster-father. The exquisite pain with which she had first witnessed and understood the extent of his illness had not been unmixed with remorse. She felt, if she had not deserted him, perhaps this dreadful calamity would not have fallen on him.

"I am not going to leave you, dad," she said, in quick response to the expression which troubled his eyes, when they heard the approaching carriage-wheels. "Nothing in the world could make me leave you."

The paralytic looked more satisfied, but the anxious expression recurred as Lord Orme entered the room and embraced Azalea, with evident emotion. Azalea, who had expected a scolding, hung her head, abashed.

"I was very sorry," she stammered, "to come away like that—but he was so ill, you see."

"Yes, I see," Lord Orme said, gravely.

He sat down by the sick man's side, and watched him with pity and concern; then he turned to the child and drew her toward him, Moore following the movement with jealous eye.

"I'm going to talk to you very seriously, Azalea," Lord Orme said. "I can only spend a short time here, as I must catch the next train to London. I want to take you with me."

Azalea shook her head, but Lord Orme checked the impending refusal.

"Stop! first listen to and then consider what I say. The doctors tell me that my little Rosa is very delicate, and that for her health's sake I must spend the winter abroad. I shall leave England next week."

Then he explained to Azalea, in simple and explicit terms, what his wishes were concerning herself. He wanted her to go abroad with him, to be educated like one of his own children; he would give her every advantage they possessed. She should be independent of Miss Slater; every pleasure that wealth could obtain should be lavished on her. He painted in glowing terms all the beauties of the strange countries she should visit; he made her see hundreds of snow-hills flushed by sunset, and hear the babble of waterfalls that rumbled down their clefted sides: he pictured grand old cities, rich with the beauty of their decay, and sumptuous with relics of perfect art. He represented to her how different would be her life should she elect to spend it with this poor invalid in this dense solitude. "You will be sufficiently refined to feel pain in associating with peasants," he urged; "but if you grow up to womanhood in no other society, it will then be too late to take your place among your equals." He promised that if she consented to leave him, the invalid should be surrounded with every comfort that money could procure. "He will be better off than he is now; he shall have the best medical attendance, and nurses to wait on him day and night."

He paused, for Azalea had gone to George Moore's side and was looking at him with her violet eyes brimming over with tenderness.

"Don't look so miserable, dear daddy," she said. "I am holding your hand tight. I shall not leave go of it." Then she looked up shyly at Lord Orme. "You are very kind," she said, "and I should like to see Conrad again and the beautiful hills of grass; but, you see, when I was young and troublesome, daddy took great care of me; and it wouldn't be fair to leave him now he is helpless, and I can be of use to him. I love him better than any thing in the world—indeed he is the only thing I have to love, except Topaz. I shall never leave daddy again as long as I live."

She spoke in a tone so unaffectedly sincere and firm that Lord Orme felt it would be useless to attempt further persuasion. He turned his head away from her.

"She forgave me before she died," he thought, "but her child cancels the forgiveness." He then walked up to Moore.

"You see she is faithful to you," he said, bitterly. "She will not let me atone for the past. You, who can neither move nor speak, have more influence with her than I, with all the temptations I offer her. I now bid her good-by forever. I could not endure to meet her in the future with her heart more alienated from me, and her manners and tastes dissimilar to mine. I shall continue to pay the allowance to her name through the County Bank; so that, should she survive you, she will have no difficulty in drawing the money. I hope you will get better and live to enjoy many happy years. You are a richer man than I, Moore; for if I were in your state, I don't believe a single creature would stay by my side, who was not paid for it."

So saying, Lord Orme left the room, and was descending the broad oak stairs, when he felt a little hand pulling his coat-sleeve.

"You didn't say good-by to me?" pleaded Azalea.

"But you have said good-by to me for good and all," Lord Orme said, with suppressed passion. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her. "Oh! child, child!" he cried, "I once knew a face like yours—but it never turned away from me as yours has done to-day!"

"Miss 'Zalea!" called old Sally, from the top of the stairs, "master seems mighty uneasy without you! Won't ye come back?"

Azalea disengaged herself rapidly from Lord Orme's grasp.

"Good-by! I must go to daddy," she said, hastily. "Please give this packet to Conrad."

She turned away as she spoke, and Lord Orme gave a last look at her fair head as it flashed past the oak balustrades, and then re-entered his carriage.

George Moore heard the wheels rolling away, and his eyes twinkled brightly as they fell on the little figure by his side.

"I should have been miserable without you, dad," Azalea said, interrupting herself in the middle of a little song she was singing to amuse the invalid. "Why, I'm wretched if I'm not looking at you."

The old man looked a blessing at her with his eyes, and the child laid her sunny curls near his silver ones, and finished the song in low soft tones which lulled the invalid to sleep. The sweet gloom of the summer evening closed in on them thus, and when, after a short slumber, George Moore awoke, it was to the happiness of knowing that, waking or sleeping, that little face would henceforth keep constant watch over him.

CHAPTER XII.

ROBERT DOUGLAS.

AUTUMN grew older and deepened in warmth and color: the ripe berries dropped thickly round the barberry-trees, and faint-scented ridges of clematis blossom lay on the Auriel window-sills. As the red glow faded from the earth, cold hints of winter began to blow through the warm scented blaze of color; touches of storm moaned in the restless swaying of the ash boughs, and the winds were full of the freshness of angry curling seas and raining clouds.

At Auriel, broken boughs, drifted leaves, and bruised fruit were the only victims to the wind's equinoctial madness, but round the rough edged coast the voice of wailing followed the track of distressed vessels and submerged boats. On that roughest of oft-trodden highways, the British Channel, the suffering, if of a less tragic character, was scarcely less intense in degree.

On one of these restless September nights the packet from Boulogne to Folkestone only carried two passengers who were not in a state either of incipient misery or utter collapse. One of these exceptions was the captain of a merchant vessel, and he viewed the sufferings of his fellow-passengers with a benign contempt which would have been hard to bear had not misery made them reckless.

He was a bluff hearty man, and trod the heaving deck as gayly as if it had been a level meadow. He enjoyed his cigar, and he whistled tunes to the wind, and altogether treated the elements as old friends should be treated, with cordial ease and *bonhomie*. He cast many a look at his rival in self-possession, expecting every moment to see him prostrated as ignominiously as the other victims to the rough passage. He was even malicious enough to send a puff of smoke in the direction of his companion's moody face; but so far from being discomposed, the latter lifted up his head and said:

"Can you give me a cigar?"

The sea-captain stared through the gloom at the tall figure before him, answering with mechanical politeness,

"With pleasure, Sir."

The stare was given to the poverty-stricken aspect of the speaker—the courtesy to his gentle high-bred voice.

"Thank you," the owner of the shabby clothes said, bowing. "One doesn't feel so hungry after smoking."

"We shall get a jolly supper at the Pavilion," the captain said, comfortably. "When I'm abroad and feel upset by the empty feeling I carry away from the d—d thin dinners, I sit and plan what I'll have when I get to cozy England again. To-night I've planned to have roast mutton and batter-pudding. I dare say it's roasting now," he added, meditatively.

"That must be very nice," the smoker said, moving away, for he was now puffing his cigar vigorously and felt disinclined for conversation; but the captain had come to the end of his, and followed him up the deck.

"Isn't it jolly getting near the home lights again?" he remarked, pointing to some faint yellow specks that could sometimes be seen between the cleft of the waves.

"Well, no; not particularly, I think," the smoker said, indifferently.

"Think of one's dinner, to say nothing of one's wife," the captain suggested, with his rubicund face soft with sentiment. "Perhaps you haven't got a missus?" he suggested, presently.

"I don't know!"

"Well, you are a rum 'un," laughed the seaman. "Perhaps you don't look forward to your dinner?"

"I can't say I do."

"What do you look forward to, then?"

"Nothing."

"Then why the dickens do you come—I mean, Sir—I beg pardon for being so cheeky" (checking himself); "but you quite take the wind out of my sails. I can't understand a man not knowing whether he has a wife, and not caring about English fare."

"I have been away from England a long time," the other observed.

"Ah! that makes a difference; dare say you don't know what tricks your wife's been up to. There was Bill Somers, of my crew; he was very unfortunate in his partner: went abroad six times, found her married to a Queen's man each time he came back, and the double family came *very* hard on him. She was a handy woman, though, hard-working and industrious; and a handy woman, whether she's married to one man or six, ain't to be sneezed at."

For a moment a gust of wind carried some other of the sea-captain's philosophical doctrines to leeward; then he returned again to the attack. "Do you expect to meet any friends there?" he asked, observing that his companion was looking toward the fast-nearing shore.

"To the best of my belief I have no friend," the latter said, slowly. "There is one man in England who should be glad to remember my face; but I dare say he will fail to recognize it."

"Going on to town to-night?"

"Yes, I think so."

The boat stopped at Folkestone Pier; the seaman looked again at the disreputable hat and shabby coat.

"I've a great mind to ask him to dinner," he thought; "but he looks such a queer cadger; quite the gentleman in his ways, though, and seems so lonely, too."

Feeling bashful with his good intentions, the merchantman cleared his throat and stammered,

"I say, Mr.—"

"Douglas," supplemented the stranger, quietly.

"Mr. Douglas, will you come and have a snack with me? I'm at the Pavilion, and you know what I've got for dinner as well as I do; there'll be plenty for two."

"You are very kind," Mr. Douglas said, pleasantly; "but, my dear Sir, there is one thing an Englishman can never forget, however prolonged his absence may have been from the land of his birth."

"And that is—"

"The rapacity of the British hotel-keeper. I wouldn't for worlds be the cause of doubling your remorse when you come to pay the long bill that will be presented to you to-morrow morning, when you're in too great a hurry to catch the train to do more (or less) than curse and pay. Joking apart, I must go on to London to-night: but I was very grateful to you for that excellent cigar; it will be quite as good as a dinner to me. Good-night."

"Good-night," the seaman said, regretfully. "I'm sorry you can't come."

"Good-night, and thank you."

The man who called himself Douglas disappeared in the darkness in the direction of the railway station. He finished a comfortless meal; he got into one of the second-class carriages of the London train; and while he sits there, the lamp-light above shining down on his bowed head and crossed hands—delicate, blue-veined hands, the refined appearance of which contrasted oddly with the coarse material of the sleeves that circled them—let us give a few words of description to this man whom no one welcomed back to his native land after an absence of nearly fifteen years.

He was a man of some forty odd years of age, and he looked even older, for his hair was gray and his figure bent. His features were somewhat harsh and strongly-marked; his eyebrows shaggy and iron-colored, like his thick, waving hair; the lips full but firmly set, the jaw massive, the eyes deep-set and thoughtful. Power dwelt in his broad, wrinkled forehead and pensive eyes—such subtle, mysterious power as Nature sometimes endows men with, making them royal in a kingdom where to be supreme is to be immortal.

But if the grand brow and searching gaze betokened the mind's subtle triumph over matter, physical nature reasserted herself in the mouth. Some would have called it a sensual mouth, and imagined that the brain had found it difficult to keep its ethereal supremacy over the grosser elements hinted at by full sensual lips.

I do not wish to indicate that Robert Douglas was the slave of his senses; all his life he had been their master; but his intellect, too proud and mighty to be abased, was yet in sympathy with them. He had drunk, feasted, and laughed in his youth, and had reached enjoyment's sweetest and most subtle heights. His eye for color and form, his refined palate, his passionate richness of emotion, had wondrously intensified the glory of youth's carnival days. Unhappily the capability to enjoy keenly implies the power to suffer greatly.

Robert Douglas had lived to loathe his life as much as he had once reveled in it. He had rejoiced as few men can rejoice, but he had suffered as few men have suffered. Ere he had reached life's prime the days were no longer bright with Hope's allurements for him: his heart might not throb with pleasure or glow with anticipation. The past was his future—not the past of his blithe youth, but the past of his wrecked manhood. The present was a dull, stagnant waste. He rarely smiled now, and never wept; he neither hoped nor feared; he only prayed to forget. The storm of suffering that had once convulsed his soul had passed away, leaving nothing but the dull ache of its memory.

I have said that he had ceased to fear, and I was wrong in so saying. He had one terror, and that was the apprehension of aught occurring that might again make the flame of pain leap in his breast. He would have dreaded equally any return of his old heart-brightness. Years ago the greatness of his joy had aided to break his heart, and henceforth he shrunk from the scent of the roses as from the memory of their thorns. The sweet treachery and the sharp wound were inseparably connected.

It was well for him his mind was as great as his heart. An ordinary man might have succumbed to fatuous self-indulgence, might have sought compensation for the disappointment of one sense in reckless prostitution of another; but the sorrow that had dulled the one great joy of his life caused lesser pleasures to appear tasteless and insufficient.

Such was he whom the train was hurrying through the tempestuous autumn night on his road to London. He knew that no face would brighten at his approach, no outstretched hand meet his at his journey's end. The quick rain and the bleak wind, the outside of unfriendly doors—that was all that would greet him when he left the shelter of the railway terminus. On the whole, Robert Douglas felt more utterly desolate on this the first night of his return to his mother country than he had ever done in solitudes where the savage jaguar lurked in dense shadows; where the cries of wild animals shrilled over a lonely but luxuriant world of tropical vegetation; where strange-faced beasts looked at him through the leaves, and the red man's shadow flitted dark against the sun.

As whatever art of story-telling I care to pursue is not of the sensational order, which delights in dead secrets and sudden surprises, I must say one word more of this Robert Douglas before I proceed. Perhaps the reader has already guessed who he is; if not, he will guess it soon; and in any case, I do not affect to conceal that he is Lady Diana's husband, supposed to be drowned—Stuart Merton.

CHAPTER XIII.

SHE IS FOOLING THEE.

LADY DIANA MERTON never looked more attractive than when attired for riding. Her warm-hued hair was massed in compact and glistening folds high up at the back of her shapely head. The throat underneath was fair and round; delicately-tinted cheeks glowed through the dark shadow of the riding veil, and the smooth, close-fitting cloth habit showed the full, lithe outline of her figure to perfection. On the morning succeeding the stormy night we have described, she was standing in her little drawing-room in London awaiting the arrival of her horses. She had been waiting some little time, for her grooms were insolent and ill-paid; but it never irked Lady Diana to remain in a place where there were mirrors; and for the last few minutes she had reveled in the self-content with which the reflection of her figure inspired her. Captain Mowbray was presently announced, and the lady greeted him with a tender clasp of her neatly-gloved little hand.

"How nice you look!" he said, simply.

"How very inadequately he expresses it!" Lady Diana said to herself, with a covert glance at the mirror.

Thurstan bent his handsome head low near the lady's cheek.

"Did you hear the storm last night?" he murmured.

"No," she answered, unsuspiciously; "I slept very well."

"*I* did not," he said, reproachfully. "I never do sleep now."

She looked up at him with her gray eyes sparkling. "Young gentlemen in the army are not celebrated for keeping good hours," she observed, sententiously.

"It is not that," he said, with agitation; "it is—"

But what it was must remain a secret in Captain Mowbray's troubled mind for the present, for a servant opened the door and announced the horses. Lady Diana followed quickly down the stairs.

"I'm glad he didn't say too much," she thought, as she looked down with a sweet smile on Captain Mowbray's somewhat lingering endeavors to arrange her little foot in the stirrup. "When they ask me to marry, it's all up with me. It brings things to an unsatisfactory conclusion; for I am obliged to say no, and then they find me out."

Thurstan Mowbray did not gain another opportunity to-day of saying more than a few words to Lady Diana. She was joined by a lady friend outside the door, and as the three cantered abreast under the pleasant shade of the Row, Thurstan could only look his admiration of his mistress. Town was nearly empty—that is to say, in a fashionable point of view—and Captain Mowbray thought a little regretfully of the gold-leaved country woods, where gray partridges were falling like hail under the aim of one or two of his brother officers who were fortunate enough to own good shooting quarters. "Denzil asked me down to his father's to shoot," he observed presently; and Lady Diana, who was always quick to detect and condemn any one's selfishness but her own, said, scornfully,

"And pray why did you not go?"

"You know why," he stammered; "you know that I can only get a few days' leave now. Of course I preferred to spend these days where you are, and—"

"It was too short a time to make it worth while to go to your friends?" Lady Diana suggested, dryly.

"Not at all. I might have got two clear days' shooting at Denzil's place, and I am a good shot, though you mayn't think it; and I do wish you had gone down there. I know Lady Denzil asked you," Captain Mowbray said, in an injured tone.

"I hate staying at other people's houses," yawned Lady Diana. "One never gets one's comforts attended to. It has taken years to educate my own household to my wishes. I am old enough not to like being crossed in my little requirements. I like to be sure that my cook is good, my tea strong, my bed a mattress, and my letters certain to go to the post. On these points one is always helpless, and generally thwarted in a strange house."

"I wonder if I could make you happy in a house of mine?" Captain Mowbray murmured, edging nearer to her side.

Lady Diana's mare lashed out at this moment, and Captain Mowbray's horse prudently sidled away.

"I think it was a fly," the lady said, innocently; and the three cantered on the faster from the temporary excitement of the horses.

"Confound the fly," Thurstan muttered, morosely; and he rode on with a cloud on his brow. He had been baffled several times lately in his efforts to make Lady Diana clearly understand his sentiments: in his ignorance he was not aware how little so practiced a coquette required any such enlightenment; and the struggle between the eloquence of his feelings and his difficulty in expressing them frequently made sore confusion in his mind.

"He looks handsomest when he's sulky," Lady Diana thought as she noted Captain Mowbray's air of depression. "It is a pity one is too tender-hearted to keep him so. Men who are in love look such fools when they're pleased."

They had come back to Lady Diana's door by this time; she looked with satisfaction at her lover as he swung himself lightly off his horse.

"Such a perfect figure!" she murmured. "No! Captain Mowbray, you can not drink tea with me to-day. I expect my aunt." (Oh, Lady Diana!) "She's a Quaker, and has an abhorrence of dragoons. Good-by, and—" the rest of the sentence reached only his ear as her figure swayed forward into his arms and he lifted her to the ground. He looked at her, his face flushed with pleasure.

"You make me so happy!" he stammered, under his breath. Lady Diana smiled a divine smile of pity and tenderness, and felt herself to be overflowing with the milk of human kindness.

There was a witness to this little scene of whom no one took any notice, but nevertheless he appeared to be much interested in the group assembled at Lady Diana's door. This was a man who leaned against the area railings, and looked at the lady as she dismounted with a gaze so steadfast and searching that she noticed it even in all the flutter of gratified vanity. It was her own husband, and she knew him not.

"What do you want?" she said, pausing on the steps and gathering up her skirts that they might not come in contact with the man's coarse-looking garments.

"Nothing," he answered, shortly, and turned away.

"Mad! poor creature," Lady Diana said, compassionately, watching the tall ill-clad figure as it disappeared down a by-street. Then she went up stairs to prepare herself for a new visitor—not a Quaker aunt, but a dignitary of the Church.

"I have never yet seen a spooney bishop," she said, meditatively, as she put on a fresh muslin robe, and fastened starry blossoms of Cape jasmine in her bosom and in the bright folds of her hair. "I wonder what his lordship will think of me, and if he'll find his knowledge of the Thirty-nine Articles of any use to him!"

LITTLE MAY.

OH! empty is her little bed!
  And useless stands my darling's chair.
That sunny face, that golden head,
  Shall never more rest there!

Oh! silent is the little room
  Where once her childish voice was heard;
No sunlight ever breaks the gloom;
  The blinds are never stirred.

For little May, fair as the light,
  Fresh as the flowers that bloom and die,
Is singing with the angels bright,
  In lands beyond the sky.

JOHN BULL AS A BARKING DOG.

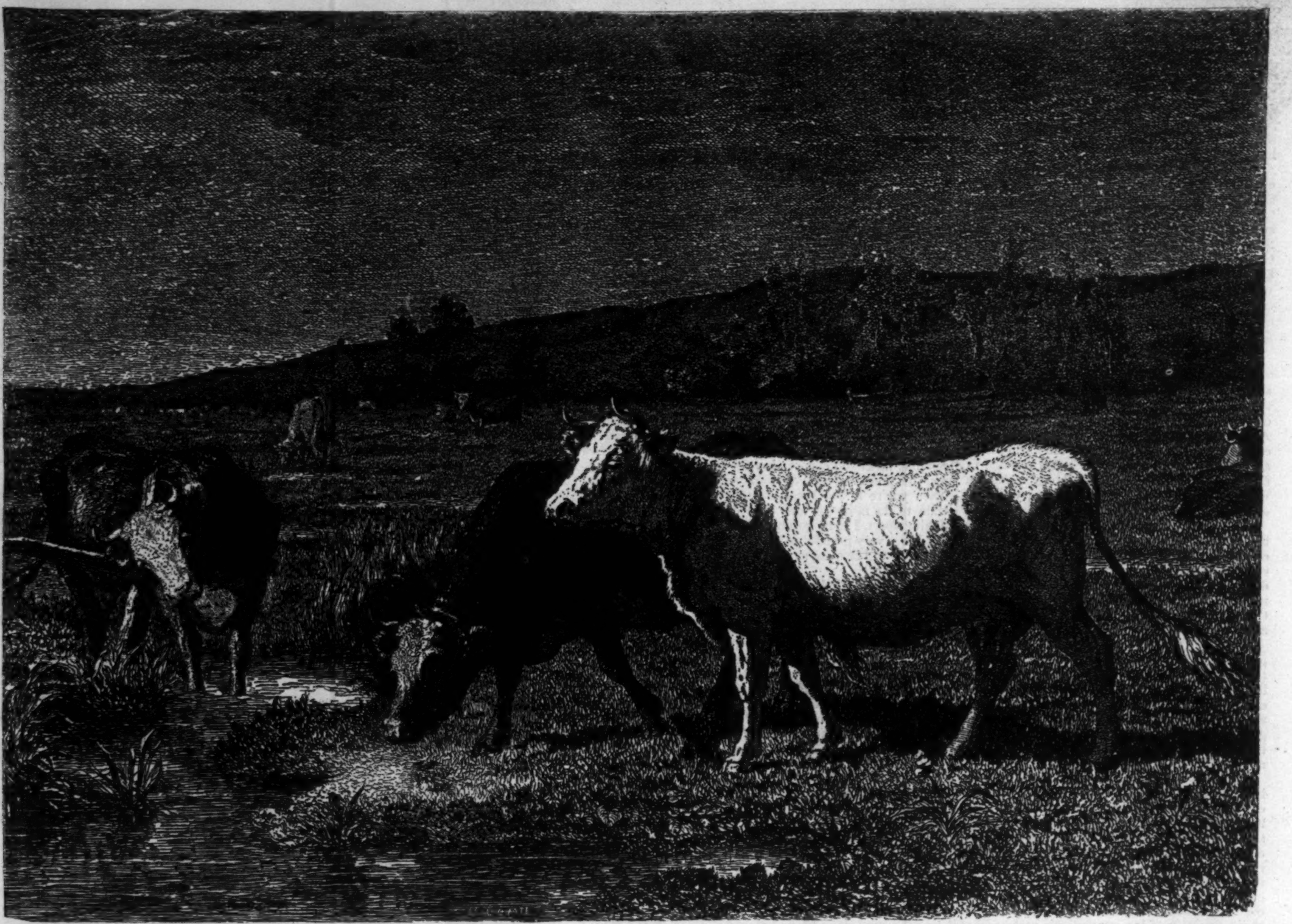
THE English correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, May 30, writes:

"In the Charing Cross railway station, and on the news-stand kept by a Member of Parliament, may be seen to-day an exhibition of fine arts considerably more interesting, for the moment, than any of the crowded galleries in Piccadilly or Pall Mall. A series of four cartoons is displayed, the authors of which have done us the honor to take America for the subject of their illustrations. The four cartoons are published in four different papers by courtesy called comic; and, whatever be the merit of them from an artistic point of view, they illustrate very well the popular feeling about the American claims."

On page 397 we give copies of the four cartoons referred to by the *Tribune* correspondent. As they illustrate a pleasant phase of John Bull's character, it would be scarcely fair to withhold them from our readers.

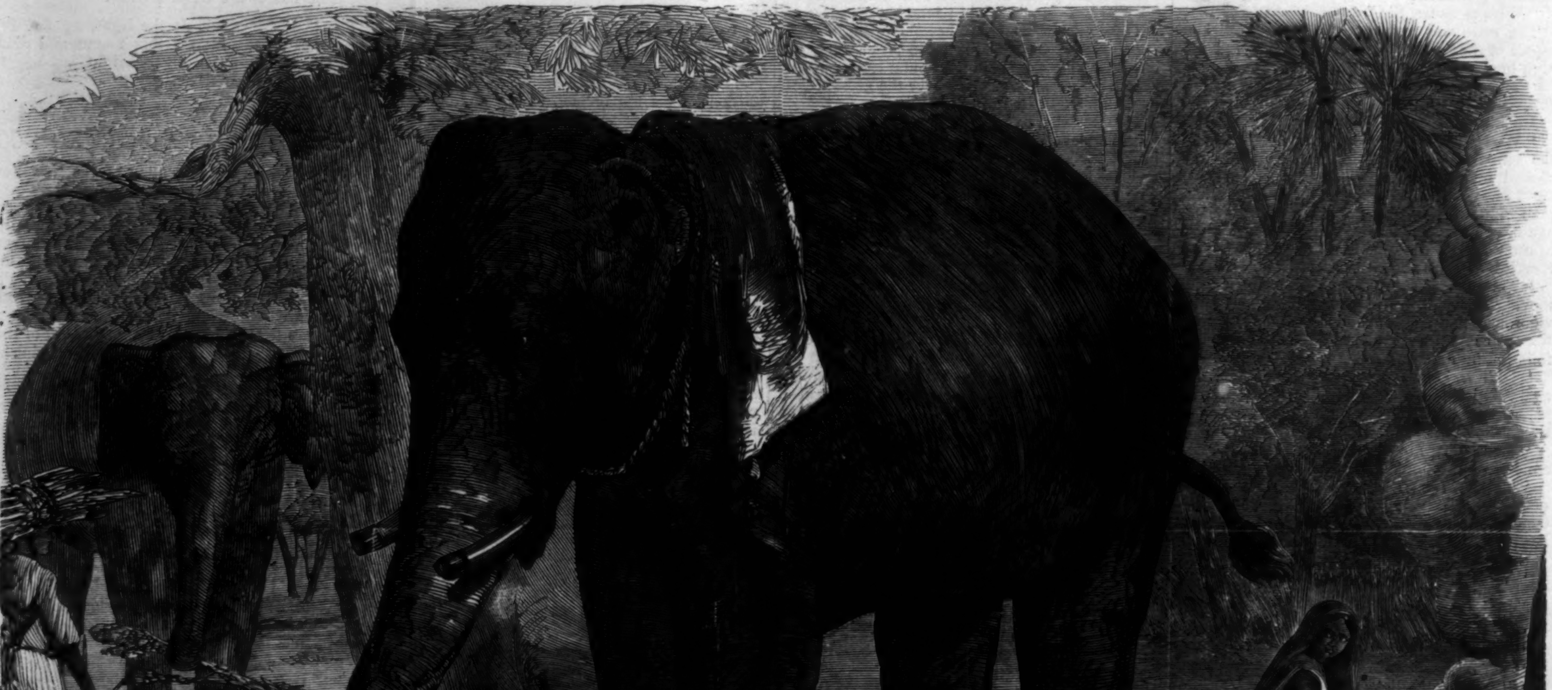
AN ELEPHANT NURSE.

WE have seen the elephant engaged in many occupations that would seem to require a quality of instinct bordering upon reason—such, for example, as laying water-pipes of great weight in their respective trenches with wonderful precision, lifting guns over bad roads, and punishing their brother elephants, when directed by the mahouts or drivers, by thrashing them with a heavy chain wielded with tremendous effect by their long trunks. But the scene depicted on page 396 shows it in a character which will be novel to most of our readers. The sketch was taken at a halting-ground on the high-road to Benares, where a party of mahouts, with their families, had encamped for the night. The wives, engaged in preparing the evening meal, had confided their offspring to the care of one of the huge quadrupeds of the party, and it was curious and interesting to observe the anxiety of the brute to perform the office intrusted to it conscientiously. Two of the babies, more nimble than the others, caused it great anxiety, for they were constantly trying to crawl beyond the limits of the chain tether, and more than once had nearly succeeded; but the watchfulness of the nurse was not to be eluded, and with the utmost gentleness it would lift its tender charges with its huge proboscis slowly within the limits assigned for

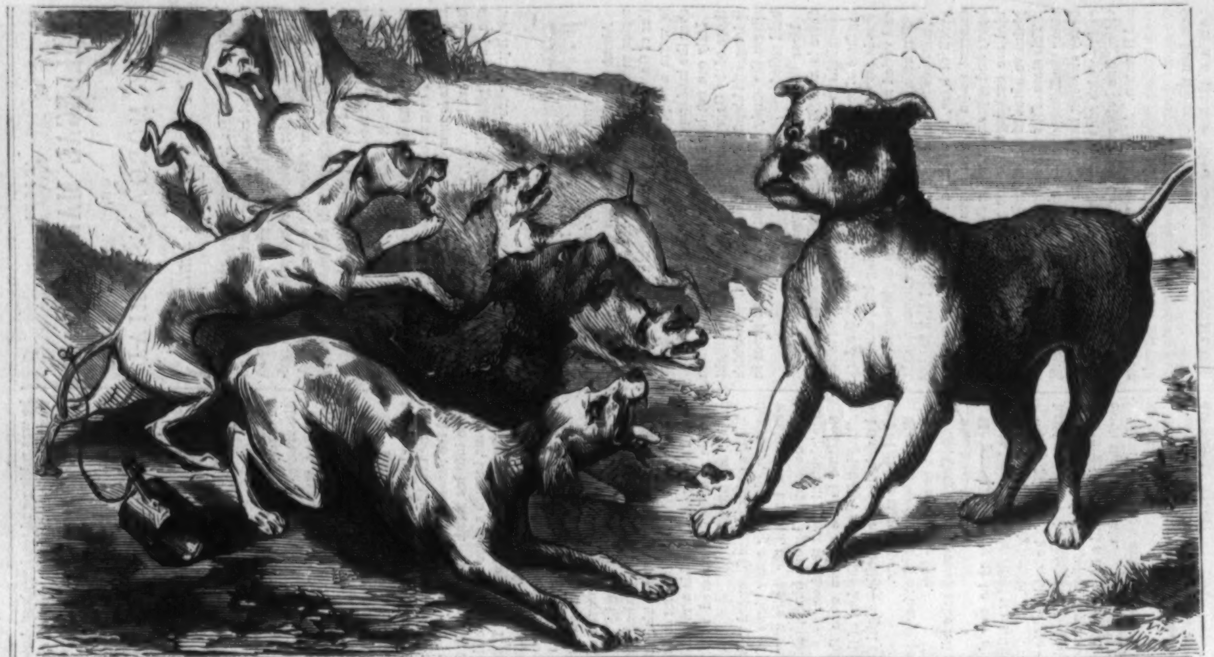


A GROUP OF CATTLE.

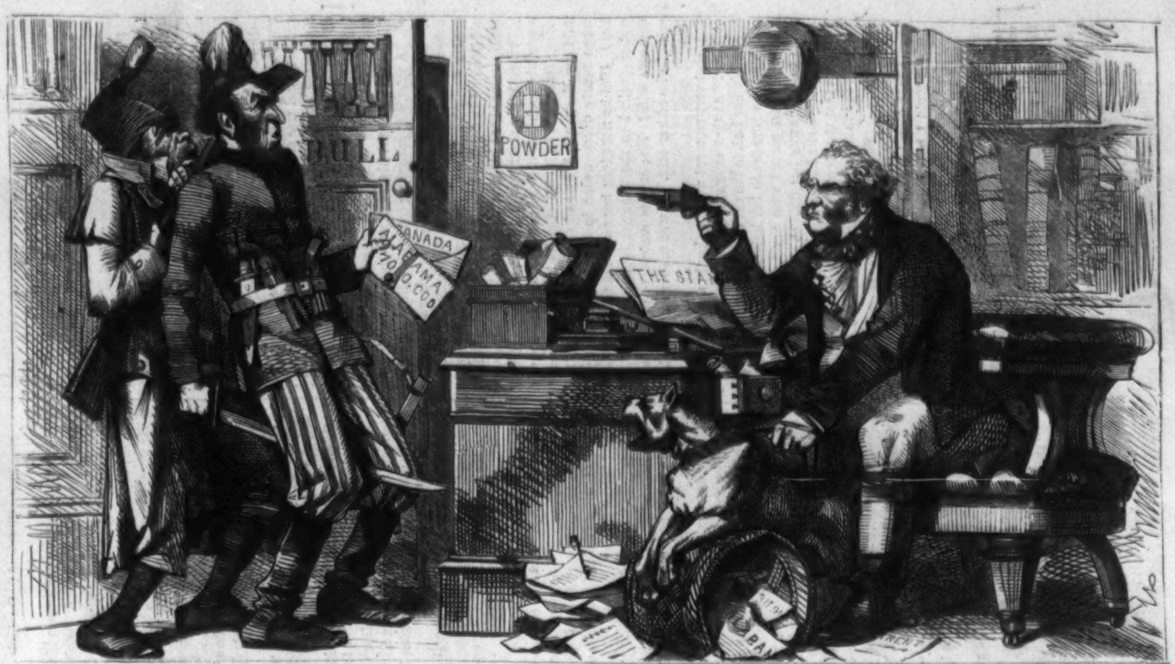
them, generally between its fore-legs. The mothers the while seemed perfectly confident as to the children's safety, seldom turning their eyes from the pot of rice bubbling in the chula. An elephant has just been imported by Mr. J. M. French, which is the largest specimen ever seen in this country. It was presented by the Russian Emperor to Mr. Rosenbach, and was brought here by Mr. Charles Rice, of London. She is 11 feet 6 inches high, weighs 12,000 pounds, and is 30 years old. She is represented as being kind and docile.



THE ELEPHANT NURSE.

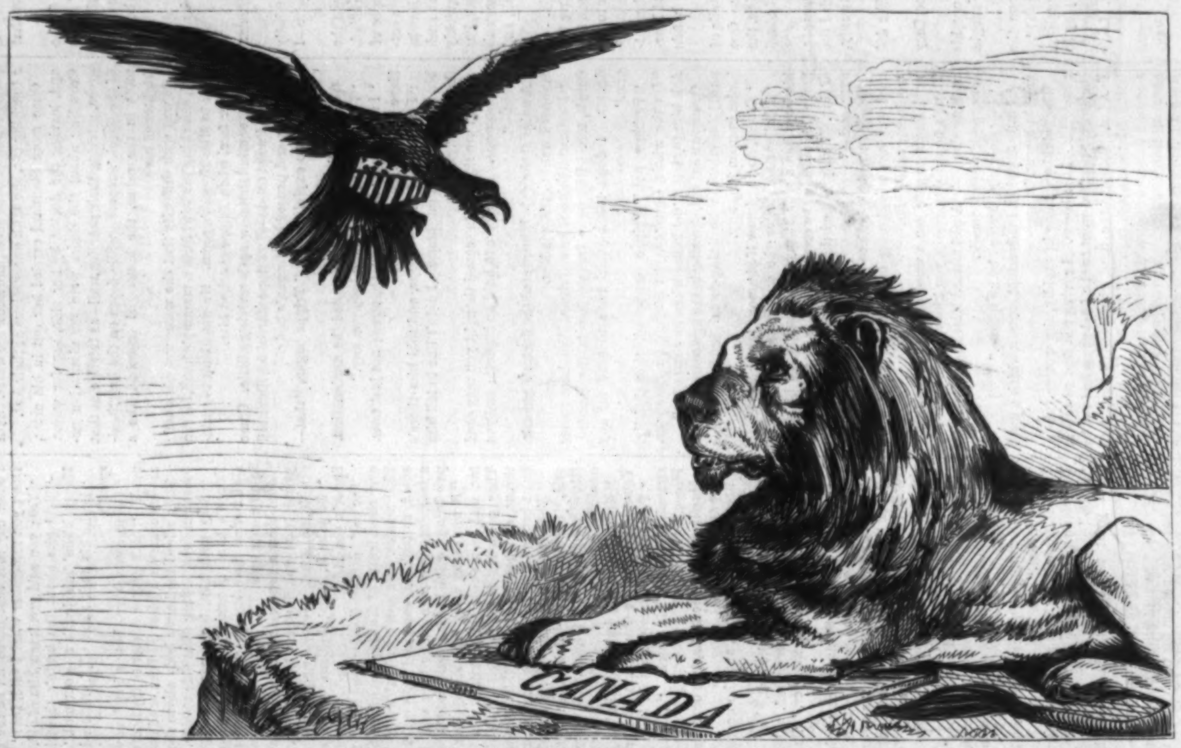


ANOTHER BULL'S RUN.—SUBMITTED FOR A-MERRY-CUR'S CONSIDERATION.
"ONLY, GENTLEMEN, IF YOU MAKE THIS BULL RUN, IT WILL BE *AFTER YOU!*"

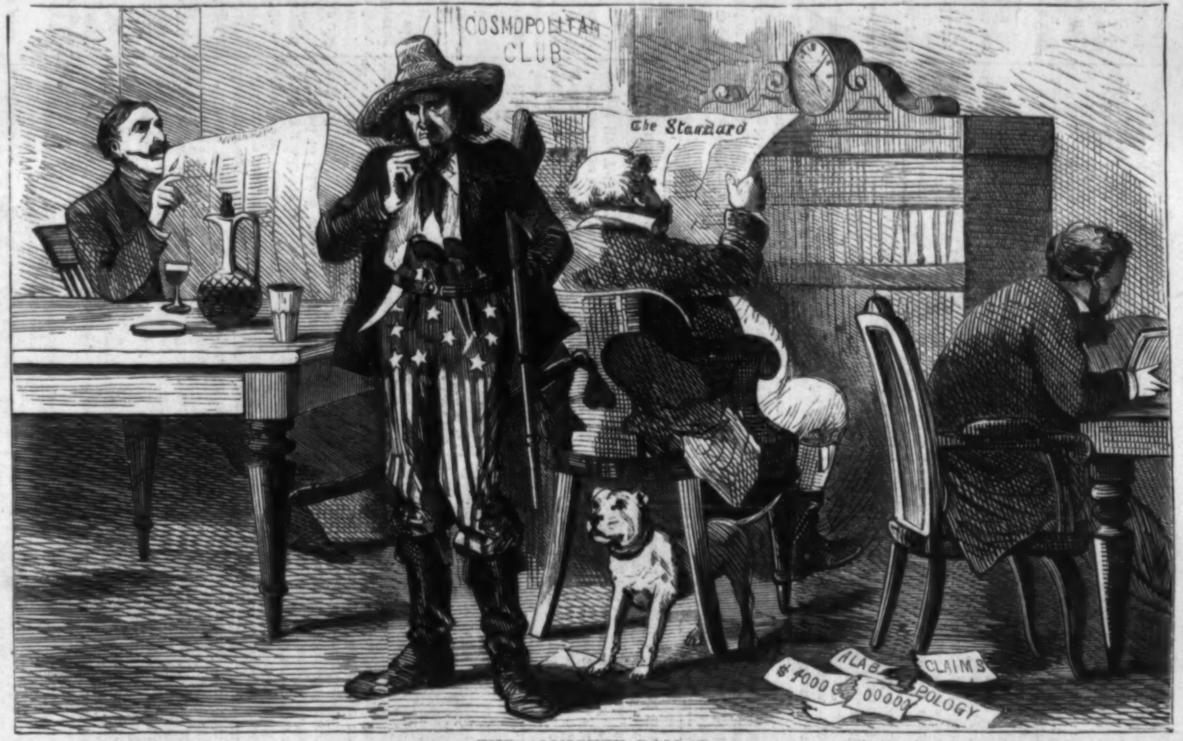

BULL
POWDER
CANADA
ALABAMA
THE STA

THE MOTLEY CREW.

Brother Jonathan. "WA'AL, MR. BULL, I GUESS WE'VE DROPPED IN TO GATHER HOW YOU MEAN TO SETTLE OUR LITTLE BILL."
John Bull. "IN THIS MANNER, BROTHER JONATHAN, IF NECESSARY."



"COME, IF YOU DARE!"
DEDICATED, WITH THE VERY WARMEST FEELINGS OF RESPECT AND AFFECTION, TO THE AMERICAN EAGLE, BY HIS LOVING COUSIN, THE BRITISH LION.


COSMOPOLITAN CLUB
The Standard
$4000
0000
ALAB
CLAIMS
OLOGY

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.
Jonathan. "WA'AL, JOHN DON'T SEEM MUCH SCARED, ANY HOW, ABOUT FITIN'. WONDER HOW MANY DOLLARS HE'LL SHELL OUT TO SATISFY OUR NATIONAL HONOR?"
[*Quite as much as it is worth, depend upon it.*—JUDY.

JOHN BULL AS A BARKING DOG.—[SEE PAGE 395.]

THE

ILLEGAL MARRIAGE;

OR,

CECY MORGAN'S TRIAL.

BY HON. EVELYN ASHBY.

[Note.—Thousands of our readers, residents of Central Georgia, will thank us for placing before them an accurate narrative of the Echaconnee Tragedy. When this case was under judicial investigation, as the residents of Bibb County are well aware, it was surrounded by a halo of mystery which the most experienced detectives failed to penetrate or dispel; and although the person accused of the murder was released for want of sufficient evidence to convict, to this day many Georgians doubt the innocence of the suspected party. Fortunately, the mystery which occasioned these doubts is now explained, and the narrative will be perused with avidity, not only by Georgians, but by the public generally; for, although a record of real life, it possesses all the elements of a romance.—Eds.]

CHAPTER I.

THE ECHACONNEE TRAGEDY.

About the middle of autumn one can find few climates more agreeable than that of the middle counties of Georgia and Alabama. During the day the air is warm and pleasant—a soft purplish haze hangs over the landscape—and the evenings are superb.

Italy can not boast of more gorgeous sunsets than those of the Georgian middle counties. The twilight is long, and blends slowly with the moonlight, which silvers the sandy soil, and sets out the dark pines in bold relief.

Near the swamps which border upon some creek there is a peculiar and indescribable charm in these moonlight evenings. The senses seem steeped in the perfume of roses and magnolias, while from the dark woods come the songs of the mocking-bird, as sweet and varied as those of the European nightingale.

But here, as elsewhere, Nature has various moods. Sometimes the sun goes down a blood-red disk behind a veil of haze, in which, an hour later, the sombre, crescent moon is seen above the pines. The air is heavy and oppressive, while the songs of the mocking-bird are exchanged for the piping of frogs and the plaintive notes of the whippowil.

This state of the atmosphere is particularly observed along the Echaconnee—a stream bordered with dank, heavy swamps, home of the alligator and deadly moccasin—which runs through and forms a part of the dividing line between the counties of Bibb, Crawford, and Houston. At such times a presentiment of trouble—a nameless feeling of coming ill—seems to pervade the atmosphere, having a wonderfully depressing effect upon the mind.

On a night like this, some few years ago, Mr. William Stannard—a man of five and thirty, and a large planter in the County of Houston—sat on the veranda of his house, slowly puffing his Havana in the shadow of a large magnolia. Very quiet he sat, moving only now and then when he indolently took the cigar from his mouth and blew out a long cloud of smoke.

Perhaps Mr. or Colonel Stannard was not a "very handsome man," yet there was something very striking in his appearance. Tall and slight as his frame appeared, it was muscular and compact, while his shoulders seemed to grow in breadth upon you. Great muscular power was concealed beneath the lazy grace of his manner.

His hazel eyes were placid and kindly, his brown moustache and imperial filled all defects of outline, and his hand was small and white enough for a lady. Sitting there under his own vine and fig-tree, he looked exactly what he was—a man of travel and of culture—a wealthy planter—a man satisfied with himself and the world.

But on this night his mind was unusually depressed. A mist was gathering over the valley, and as his eyes turned toward the belt of woods marking the Echaconnee line, he saw the half-obscured new moon slowly drooping behind the pines. The stars were hidden, and in the dim light the fire on his cigar threw fitful circles about his chair.

Presently the cigar was forgotten, and fancy carried away his soul. A vision had come to him—a vision of the sweet girl he loved. Cecilia Morgan! Beautiful Cecy Morgan! Why had she come to haunt him when nearly overpowered in his struggle to forget her? Had he not given her up to another? Was he not reconciled to the thought of her being Alfred Guerry's wife? No; it was useless to deceive himself—he loved her still. It was madness to think of her.

At that very moment was another in agony of doubt and fear. At that moment Cecy Morgan was kneeling beside her bed, in the old house beyond the creek, clutching the coverlet in her hand, and—thinking of him. But, just parted with her betrothed, she had come to pray away her doubts. She wished to love Alfred Guerry—she had promised to be his wife; but she knew that she loved another. Stannard could not love her, she thought, and she would make Alfred a good wife.

Still Stannard wondered at his depression, but at length rose from his chair. "Pshaw!" he muttered, "why should I bother my head with thinking. It does me no good. Sir Philip Sidney was right when he said, 'Reason can not show itself more reasonable than to leave reasoning on things above reason.'"

The air grew damp and heavy. A southerly wind was rising, which, sighing through the trees, made the night still more uncomfortable. Throwing away his cigar after one long puff, he paused to watch the parabola of light until it ended in a bed of garden violets, and shone like a glow-worm among the leaves.

He retired, but only to find his slumber broken and uneasy. A sense of impending ill hung heavy on his mind. Throughout the long night, it seemed to him, he was rolling and tossing about, but near morning he was suddenly roused with a vague consciousness that somebody was calling him.

That it was not a dream he soon learned, for he sprang out of bed as he heard a sharp "halloa" at the gate, and a quick "rat-tat-tat" upon it with a stick.

Throwing up the window, he saw through the darkness of the morning the dim outline of a man on horseback.

"What is it?" he called quickly.

"Please go up to Echaconnee, sir. The old man is—"

A gust of wind slammed the blind in his face, and he barely caught the word "doctor," as the horseman disappeared.

"That was Morgan's man," he mused, hurriedly throwing on his clothes; "it was Ogletree's voice—I wonder what is wrong on the hill."

In less than half an hour he was galloping down the road. Passing the last patch of woods, his horse shied, and, on looking around, he caught a mere glimpse of two men sinking down behind a fallen tree. In a second the names of Alfred Guerry and old Abner Hawks came into his mind. Was it really they, and at such an hour, in such a place? He turned his horse quickly into the wood, but saw no one. It was daybreak, but still dark and stormy, when he arrived at Morgan's house. Half a dozen hounds answered his call, and amid their noise a negro spoke.

"What's the matter?" Stannard asked quickly.

The yelping of the dogs prevented him hearing the reply. Two negro men were by the door, but too terrified to speak. Stannard pushed open the door to the left, and a dreadful sight met his gaze.

Lying upon the bed shouting or talking incoherently, and wildly swinging his arms about, was old Morgan, his ghastly face covered with blood, his hands gashed and bleeding.

With a quick glance Stannard took in the details of the room, observing many signs of a struggle. One window was broken, the chairs were in confusion, the inner door hung by one hinge, while spots of blood were plentiful about the floor.

Squatted in the corners were the house-servants, wailing loudly; and at the foot of the bed kneeled the old man's daughter, Cecilia—a girl of one and twenty, and of uncommon beauty.

Stannard was shocked at her appearance. She did not seem to recognize him.

"Oh, Cecy! for Heaven's sake tell me—tell me, Cecy—who has—has—"

He paused abruptly as he saw she heeded not his words. Seeing the terrified condition of all, he caught one of the old man's hands.

"Why Morgan," he said, holding firmly upon the hand, "what is the matter? Be quiet, won't you?"

At the sound of his voice Morgan ceased struggling, and turned his head a little on one side, as if trying to catch the tone again.

"Don't you know me, Morgan? Speak to me. Look up a little."

Slowly the wounded man opened his eyes, but it was some time before he seemed to be conscious. Stannard spoke again:

"My dear old friend! Do look at me a minute. Don't you know me?"

The wild eyes turned full upon him now, and a look of recognition was apparent. With a few convulsive pushes Morgan bared his breast, displaying a mass of bloody wounds.

"See, boy—see, my boy—"

He gurgled out the words, and looked at Stannard, who started back at the horrid sight.

"Good Heaven, Morgan! who has done this? Who could have done it?"

Grasping his throat with one hand, and gasping for breath, the old man pointed to his daughter.

"She—my boy—she—"

A rush of blood choked him for a moment, and Stannard's eyes followed the gaunt finger. Miss Morgan watched intently.

"She—she has—has been—my—death," said the old man, with great difficulty.

With a wail of despair, Miss Morgan fell to the floor. Stannard sprang to her side, pushing against Doctor Trippe, who was just entering, after being a silent witness to this painful scene.

Carrying Cecy to her room, Stannard returned to find that life was extinct.

"A bad business," said Trippe, who was examining the wounds.

"Horrible! horrible!" Stannard replied, throwing himself upon a lounge. In a semi-conscious state he watched the physician probe and measure the wounds. At length Trippe turned from his work.

"A sad case, Stannard," he said, stroking his beard; "but I feared it long ago."

"It is sad, doctor, but I can not believe it."

"Believe what, Stannard?" Trippe asked.

"You heard what Morgan said? I can never believe she—that Miss Morgan—"

The sentence was not completed, for Stannard sprang to his feet and looked toward the door. Trippe turned also, and there, before them, looking like a ghost or a marble statue, stood Cecilia Morgan, accused of murder.

With open eyes, which seemed to look through them rather than at them, and the steady gaze of a somnambulist, Miss Morgan turned to the doctor, and gently passed her hand across her forehead.

"Will he die, doctor? will he die? Oh, doctor, please tell me!"

"My dear Miss Morgan, this is no place for you now; come, let me help you back."

"But, doctor, I want very much to know, for I have a particular—a particular—"

Once more she passed her hand slowly across her brow, a gesture that was inexpressibly painful to the men before her.

"Doctor," she continued, "do tell me; I've a very particular reason for wishing to know the truth."

"Poor girl!" said Trippe, in an undertone; "the shock has been too much for her. Her mind is wandering."

They took her gently by the arms, and, half supporting her, walked toward the door; but she saw the body, covered over with the sheet, and knew the worst. With a touching cry, she sank unconscious at their feet.

Once more Stannard carried her out in his arms, and, leaving the doctor by her side, ran for water. Crowding about the doors were the plantation negroes, uttering their peculiar wail—as terrible as that of the Greek weepers—while down on the hearth, almost in the ashes, the house-girl crouched like a frightened hare.

It was with difficulty that the water was obtained; but, snatching the bowl from a mammy's hand, he ran back to Miss Morgan's room. He was about to sprinkle her face, when Trippe checked him.

"Never mind that now, she's reviving a little. Come in here: I want to—to—" Trippe started on, Stannard following, and paused by Morgan's body.

"I want to explain to you," Trippe began, "that—that—"

Ogletree, the overseer, interrupted the explanation.

"I came in to see if I could help you any."

"I don't know as you can, Ogletree; not just now. Have you sent for any one?"

"I saw one of Carrol's boys, and told him there's bin an accident at our house. I didn't like to tell him the truth."

"You are right. On second thought you may send for Simmons. He'll have to hold an inquest; and you might—"

A noise at the gate interrupted the doctor's remark. Stannard went to the window.

"I believe Raborn is here, Trippe. Yes, here comes Carrol, too. Bad news travels fast in the country, doctor. I don't think you'll have to send for any one."

"Perhaps not," Trippe answered, thoughtfully. "On the whole, Ogletree, you may go for Simmons. Ask him to stop at my house when he comes by."

Ogletree went out, showing in the newcomers. Stannard joined them in the dining-room. Suddenly Trippe broke in upon his story.

"Carrol, do you know if Simmons is at home?"

"I believe so, doctor; he was yesterday. One of his boys has a wife at my place, and when he went home this morning he seen you riding by at the crack of day. I suspicioned that Morgan was sick, so rid over, and—"

Trippe turned his back to cut short the story. Stannard was again beginning to tell all he knew, when the doctor called him.

"I forgot to give you a word of caution, Stannard. There's no curbing gossip, you know, so we must say nothing about—" A nod toward Miss Morgan's chamber completed the remark.

"Certainly not, doctor—by no means."

"I only feared an inadvertent remark which a word might prevent."

The neighbors came in rapidly, the women taking possession of the house. Leaving the first to repeat the story, Stannard went to the fatal room and sat by the fire. Despite the hard character Morgan had borne, his death was regretted by all. He had been a second father to Stannard. Presently Trippe touched his shoulder.

"I'm obliged to go home for a time, Stannard; you can stay?"

"Yes—that is, I'll ride home and come back."

"Don't be long, Stannard—we must see to Miss Morgan, you know."

"Of course, of course," Stannard answered, absently.

"She's better now," Trippe continued; "keep the negroes quiet and we'll fix it all right."

"Yes, we'll fix it—all right! all right!"

Trippe smiled at Stannard's abstracted manner.

"I believe he is wandering, too," Trippe said to himself, as he crossed to the group of men.

"I'll see Simmons when he comes by," he began abruptly, "and we'll fix the inquest at two o'clock."

"Suppose you make it twelve o'clock, if it's all the same to you," Carrol suggested.

"Very good; say twelve, then. I said two because I wanted to take a bit of sleep meanwhile; but no matter."

"Is the settlement unhealthy, doctor?"

"By no means, Carrol; on the contrary, it is uncommonly healthy. I was up with Roper's wife—she has a fine boy."

"Thus it is," mused Stannard, as he sat with folded arms by the smouldering fire. "Thus it is that the young come on the stage and the old step from it. Who can tell the future of this young actor, whose coming is thus announced!"

His reverie was broken by hearing Trippe mount his horse. He run out in time to see the doctor's thoroughbred give two or three spirited bounds, then strike away in a swinging gallop.

"That horse is too wild for a doctor—even a heavy-weight like Trippe," he said, mounting his own filly and starting after his friend.

Down the hill, along the muddy bottom, across the bit of corduroy leading to the bridge, he slowly rode, checking his horse still more as he came to the bridge itself.

"The creek must be rising," he thought, as he noticed the little pools around the cypress roots; and, turning his horse to the right as he came to the stream, Stannard looked over to see how high the water had already risen.

As he did so, he started back with horror; for down there, some four feet below—his feet in the water and his body lying across a cottonwood log—was Doctor Trippe.

To spring down, to raise the wounded head, to find the heart throbbing feebly, was the work of a moment. Life seemed fast ebbing away. Pulling the body from the creek, Stannard wrapped his own coats about it, then rode back for help.

In five minutes a party of whites and blacks were hurrying down the road. They sprang from the bridge, and again Stannard bent over the body. The men gathered around in silence and awe.

"I found him so," said Stannard, pointing; "his feet in the water—his head down upon that knot."

"Thar's no signs of a fight here—his horse must have shied and throw'd him."

"Probably you are right, Barton. Wonder what could have started him there?"

"Any thing or nothing. The devil's in that beast, any how. Aiken, thar, heer'd me tell the doctor on'y t'other day that that horse 'ud be the death of him. Don't you remember what I said, Ira?"

"Yes; you said you knew him of old, and—"

"Told him about the brute's throwing a man in Macon, killin' 'm's dead's a—door nail."

"Broke his neck short off," muttered Aiken in response.

"Come, come, boys—bear a hand, now," said Stannard. "Let's get the doctor to my house. You must use my coats for a litter till I can send back blankets."

They raised the heavy body above the rail, the unconscious head rolling from side to side.

"Easy with him, boys—easy," said Stannard, as Trippe's head struck the rail. "Take care there, Dick! what the deuce are you doing?" he continued, in no gentle tone.

Just then a negro stripped off his own coat and gave it to Stannard, who was shaking with cold.

"No, no, Aleck, keep your coat."

"Do take it, Mars' William. I kin stand de cold better'n you kin."

The boy's earnest face touched him. Stannard was ever considerate of the feelings of the negroes, and a kind master. He saw a refusal would be misunderstood, so took the coat, and rode quickly home. In a moment a boy was riding back with blankets, one pair being for the black shoulders of Aleck.

"It was easier work with strong blankets for a litter, and in a short time Trippe was lying in bed. They poured a few spoonfuls of brandy down his throat, and had the satisfaction of finding that his heart beat all the stronger for the the stimulant.

"We'll take some ourselves, presently," Stannard said, "but first let us think about getting a doctor. His wife must be sent for, too. Barton, where can we send?"

"Macon's nighest; but the train has just gone up. You might catch the down train for Fort Valley."

"That's true. Barely time for it, though," he answered, looking at his watch. "I'll send for Doctor Pierce."

Hastily writing the notes, two boys were sent off on these errands.

Breakfast was ordered, and the negroes sent to the kitchen.

Aleck lingered behind the rest.

"Well?" Stannard interrogated.

"Here's your blankets, marster," the boy said, extending them.

For the first time Stannard remembered that he wore the boy's coat, and promptly took it off.

"Thank you, Aleck; you did me a service."

Aleck took the coat, but still held out the blankets.

"Keep them—keep them, Aleck. You shall have them for being so thoughtful and kind. You see one loses nothing by being so, Aleck."

A look of pride passed over the boy's face, but he appeared to leave reluctantly. Stannard was lost in thought, and stood stroking his moustache when the boy again spoke.

"Mars' William, I'd ruther you wouldn't give 'em to me for that."

"Tut, tut, Aleck; why not? You earned them fairly. Remember that one never loses by being kind to others."

"I want to be that, Marster, without lozes or gains."

Stannard looked up in surprise.

"My boy," he said kindly, "you rebuke me justly, and I beg your pardon for uttering an unworthy sentiment. Take the blankets, Aleck, for the lesson you have given me; and if ever you need a friend, come to me."

Puzzled a little, and a good deal alarmed at his own boldness, Aleck went out quickly.

"Who would have thought that he was such a casuist?" Stannard said to himself. "He surprised me, really. He has shown me how true is the saying that nobleness of soul may often be found with an uncomely body. There's real stuff in that boy—pity there's not more of it in those men drinking yonder."

He looked at them scornfully, but still went in to them.

"You must make yourselves at home, and call for what you want. I can not stay with you, but will meet you at the inquest. Excuse me, please."

Stannard went into the room where Trippe was lying, and soon fell into a reverie over these sudden events. He was roused at length by a woman's shriek, and turned to see the doctor's wife throw herself upon the insensible body of her husband.

Bad news does travel fast in the country. It was some time before Stannard could get Mrs. Trippe calm enough to hear the story.

"What do you think of him, Colonel Stannard? Do you—think he—he will—die?" The poor wife could barely sob out the words.

"I hope not; indeed, I hope not!" Stannard said, warmly. Tears came to his own eyes at the thought. "Dr. Ham. Pierce will be here in an hour or two—"

"Not sooner?"

"He could hardly get here before the train—it will not be long now."

"Who could have injured *him?*" she again sobbed, kissing the limp hand in her own. "Who could have injured *him?* He had not an enemy in the world."

"It may have been an accident, you know. We must not judge too hastily," he said, with an attempt at consolation. "I was but little behind him, and saw no one. I thought I saw old Hawks this morning, but—"

"*Old Abner Hawks?*" asked Mrs. Trippe, eagerly.

"Yes, I thought I did; but it was a mistake—"

"It was he, Colonel Stannard. I had forgotten that old wretch. He has a grudge against my husband, I don't know for what, and has threatened him. The doctor always laughed at it."

"But I was mistaken in—"

"Oh! I am sure, Colonel Stannard—very sure. This is the work of old Abner Hawks. And Mr. Morgan? Have you thought of that, also?"

"Heavens!" thought Stannard, as this new revelation burst upon his mind; "Heavens! can old Hawks have murdered the two? I did not think of this connection! And Alfred Guerry?"

The very thought made him shudder. Turning again toward the bed, he saw the fond wife's cheek pressed close to her husband's, while her whole frame was shaken by her sobs. The continuation of "THE ILLEGAL MARRIAGE; or, Cecy Morgan's Trial," will be found in No. 32 of the NEW YORK WEEKLY, now ready and for sale by every News Agent throughout the Union. The price is Six Cents, but in cases where Agents have to pay extra freight, a higher price is charged. When there is a News Agent in the town, we desire our friends to get the N. Y. WEEKLY through him. When sent by mail, single copies, $3 per annum. Specimen copies sent free. STREET & SMITH, Proprietors, 55 Fulton Street, New York.—[*Advertisement.*]

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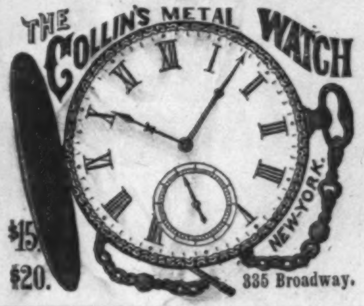

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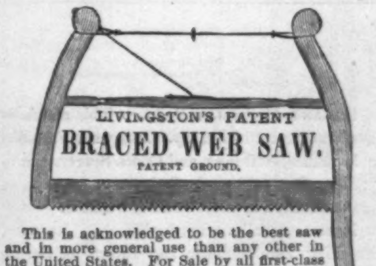
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